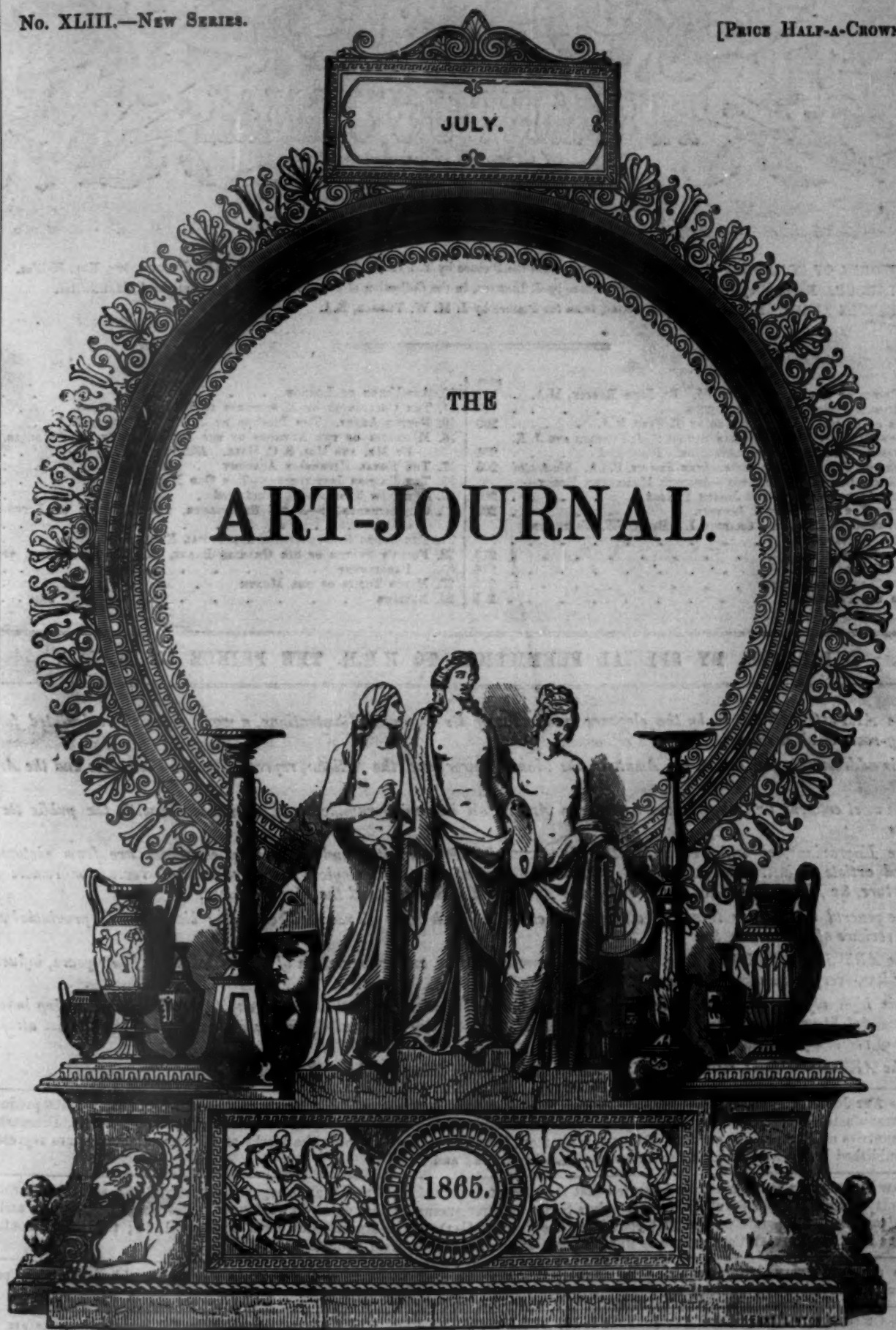


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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1885.

THE CESTUS OF AGLAIA.

CHAPTER VI.

NO quality of Art has been more powerful in its influence on public mind;—none is more frequently the subject of popular praise, or the end of vulgar effort, than what we call "Freedom." It is necessary to determine the justice or injustice of this popular praise.

I said, a little while ago, that the practical teaching of the masters of Art was summed by the O of Giotto. Yet that cipher may become, if rightly read, an expression of infinity, at least in one direction of teaching. "You may judge my masterhood of craft," Giotto tells us, "by seeing that I can draw a circle unerringly." And we may safely believe him, understanding him to mean that—though more may be necessary to an artist than such a power—at least *this* power is necessary. The qualities of hand and eye needful to do this are the first conditions of artistic craft.

Try to draw a circle yourself with the "free" hand, and with a single line. You cannot do it if your hand trembles, nor if it hesitates, nor if it is unmanageable, nor if it is in the common sense of the word "free." So far from being free, it must be under a control as absolute and accurate as if it were fastened to an inflexible bar of steel. And yet it must move, under this necessary control, with perfect, untormented serenity of ease.

That is the condition of all good work whatsoever. All freedom is error. Every line you lay down is either right or wrong: it may be timidly and awkwardly wrong, or fearlessly and impudently wrong: the aspect of the impudent wrongness is pleasurable to vulgar persons, and is what is commonly called "free" execution: the timid, tottering, hesitating wrongness is rarely so attractive; yet sometimes, if accompanied with good qualities, and right aims in other directions, it becomes in a manner charming, like the inarticulateness of a child: but, whatever the charm or the manner of the error, there is but one question ultimately and seriously to be asked respecting every line you draw, Is it right or wrong? If right, it most assuredly is not a "free" line, but an intensely continent, restrained, and considered line; and the action of the hand in laying it is just as decisive, and just as "free" as the hand of a first-rate surgeon in a critical incision. A great operator told me that his hand could check itself within about the two-hundredth of an inch, in penetrating a membrane; and this, of course, without the help of sight, by sensation only. With help of sight, and in action on a substance which does not quiver nor yield, a fine artist's line is measurable in its pur-

posed direction to considerably less than the thousandth of an inch.

A wide freedom, truly!

The conditions of popular Art which most foster the common ideas about freedom are merely results of irregularly energetic effort by men imperfectly educated; these conditions being variously mingled with cruder mannerisms resulting from timidity, or actual imperfection of body. Northern hands and eyes are, of course, never so subtle as Southern, and in very cold countries artistic execution is in a manner palsied. The effort to break through this rigidity, or to refine the bluntness, leads, in some of the greatest Northern masters, to a licentious sweep and stormy impetuosity of hand; or in the meanest, to an ostentatious and microscopic minuteness. Every man's manner has relation to his physical powers and modes of thought, but in the greatest work there is no manner visible. It is at first uninteresting from its quietness; the majesty of restrained power only dawns gradually upon us, as we walk towards its horizon.

There is often great delightfulness in the innocent manners of artists who have real power and honesty, and draw, in this way or that, as best they can, under such and such untoward circumstances of life. Thus the execution of Prout was that of a master with great and true sentiment for the pathos of ruin, with great and ready power of arrangement of masses, and fine sense of light and shade; but uneducated, and near-sighted. Make a scholar of such an one, and give him good eyes, and it is impossible for him ever to draw in that way again; how he would have drawn, one cannot say; but it would have been wholly and exaltedly otherwise. The execution of Cox is merely a condition of Northern palsy, through which, in a blundering way, a true sense of certain modes of colour, and of the sweetness of certain natural scenes, finds innocent expression.

So even with great old William Hunt: whatever was peculiar in his execution, broken, spotty, or clumsy, is the character of a rustic, partly of a physically feeble hand; the exquisite truth which is seen by the subtle mind gives a charm to the expression, as to a country dialect. But the looseness and flimsiness of modern etching and wood engraving are very different from these manners, and far less pardonable; being more or less affected, and in great part the expression of an inner spirit of license in mind and heart, connected, as I said, with the peculiar folly of this age, its hope of, and trust in, "Liberty." Of which we must reason a little in more general terms.

I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy raise himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand. To him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim! That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to

his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earth-worm has his digging and digesting; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning net-work; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice,—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back, to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his?

For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely, but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books,—nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at, with sullen ill success. Such dim hope as he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, disappointed, or worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative "No"—too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate; (if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier master; but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable), and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful power of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitters his captivity. Yet of the two, would we rather be watch-dog or fly?

Indeed, the first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty; but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we can win it, fate must determine; but that we will be worthy of it, we may ourselves determine; and the sorrowfullest fate, of all that we can suffer, is to have it *without* deserving it.

I have hardly patience to hold my pen and go on writing, as I remember (I would that it were possible for a few consecutive instants to forget) the infinite follies of modern thought in this matter, centred in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it. Folly unfathomable! unspeakable! unendurable to look in the full face of, as the laugh of a cretin. You will send your child, will you, into a room where the table is loaded with sweet wine and fruit—some poisoned, some not?—you will say to him, "Choose freely, my little child! It is so good for you to have freedom of choice: it forms your character—your individuality! If you take the wrong cup, or the wrong berry, you will die before the day is over, but you will have acquired the dignity of a Free child?"

You think that puts the case too sharply? I tell you, lover of liberty, there is no choice offered to you, but it is similarly between life and death. There is no act,



nor option of act, possible, but the wrong deed or option has poison in it which will stay in your veins thereafter for ever. Never more to all eternity can you be as you might have been, had you not done that—chosen that. You have “formed your character,” forsooth! No; if you have chosen ill, you have De-formed it, and that for ever! In some choices, it had been better for you that a red hot iron bar had struck you aside, scarred and helpless, than that you had so chosen. “You will know better next time!” No. Next time will never come. Next time the choice will be in quite another aspect—between quite different things,—you, weaker than you were by the evil into which you have fallen; it, more doubtful than it was, by the increased dimness of your sight. No one ever gets wiser by doing wrong, nor stronger. You will get wiser and stronger only by doing right, whether forced or not; the prime, the one need is to do that, under whatever compulsion, till you can do it without compulsion. And then you are a Man.

“What!” a wayward youth might perhaps answer, incredulously; “no one ever gets wiser by doing wrong? Shall I not know the world best by trying the wrong of it, and repenting? Have I not, even as it is, learned much by many of my errors?” Indeed, the effort by which partially you recovered yourself was precious; that part of your thought by which you discerned the error was precious. What wisdom and strength you kept, and rightly used, are rewarded; and in the pain and the repentance, and in the acquaintance with the aspects of folly and sin, you have learned something; how much less than you would have learned in right paths, can never be told, but that it is less is certain. Your liberty of choice has simply destroyed for you so much life and strength, never regainable. It is true you now know the habits of swine, and the taste of husks: do you think your father could not have taught you to know better habits and pleasanter tastes, if you had stayed in his house; and that the knowledge you have lost would not have been more, as well as sweeter, than that you have gained? But “it so forms my individuality to be free!” Your individuality was given you by God, and in your race; and if you have any to speak of, you will want no liberty. You will want a den to work in, and peace, and light—no more, in absolute need; if more, in anywise, it will still not be liberty, but direction, instruction, reproof, and sympathy. But if you have no individuality, if there is no true character nor true desire in you, then you will indeed want to be free. You will begin early, and as a boy desire to be a man, and, as a man, think yourself as good as every other. You will choose freely to eat, freely to drink, freely to stagger and fall; freely, at last, to curse yourself and die. That is the only and final freedom possible to us; and that is consummate freedom,—permission for every particle in the rotting body to leave its neighbour particle, and shift for itself. You call it “corruption” in the flesh; but before it comes to that, all liberty is an equal corruption in mind. You ask for freedom of thought; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think; and if you have sufficient grounds, you have no business to think wrong. Only one thought is possible to you, if you are wise—your liberty is geometrically proportionate to your folly. “But all this glory and activity of our age! what are they owing to, but to our freedom of thought?” In a measure, they are owing—what good is in them—to the discovery of

many lies, and the escape from the power of evil. Not to liberty, but to the deliverance from an evil or cruel master. Brave men have dared to examine lies which had long been taught, not because they were free-thinkers, but because they were such stern and close thinkers that the lie could no longer escape them. Of course the restriction of thought, or of its expression, by persecution, is merely a form of violence; justifiable or not, as other violence is, according to the character of the persons against whom it is exercised, and the divine and eternal laws which it vindicates, or violates. We must not burn a man alive for saying that the Athanasian creed is ungrammatical, nor stop a bishop's salary because we are getting the worst of an argument with him; neither must we let drunken men howl in the public streets at night. There is much that is true in the part of Mr. Mill's essay on Liberty which treats of freedom of thought; many important truths are there beautifully expressed, but many as important are omitted; and the balance, therefore, cannot be struck. The liberty of expression, with a great nation, would become like that in a well-educated company, in which there is indeed freedom of speech, but not of clamour; or like that in an orderly senate, in which men who deserve to be heard, are heard in due time, and under determined restrictions. The degree of liberty you can rightly grant to a number of men is commonly in the inverse ratio of their desire for it; and a general hush, or call to order, would be often very desirable in this England of ours. For the rest, of any good or evil extant, it is impossible to say what measure is owing to restraint, and what to license, where the right is balanced between them. I was not a little provoked one day, a summer or two since, in Scotland, because the Duke of Athole hindered me from examining the gneissose junctions in Glen Tilt, at the hour convenient to me; but I saw them at last, and in quietness; and to the very restriction that annoyed me, owed, probably, the fact of their being in existence, instead of being blasted away by a mob-company; while the free paths and inlets of Loch Katrine and the Lake of Geneva are for ever trampled down and destroyed, not by one duke, but by tens of thousands of ignorant tyrants.

So a Dean and Chapter may, perhaps, unjustifiably hinder me from seeing a cathedral without paying twopence; but your free mob pulls spire and all down about my ears, and I can see it no more for ever. And even if I cannot get up to the granite junctions in the glen, the stream comes down from them pure to the Garry; but in Beddington Park I am stopped by the newly-erected fence of a building speculator, and the bright Wandel, divine of waters as Castaly, is filled by the free public with old shoes, obscene crockery, and ashes.

In fine, the arguments for liberty may in general be summed in a few very simple forms, as follows:—

1. Misguiding is mischievous: therefore guiding is.
2. If the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch: therefore, nobody should lead anybody.
3. Lambs and fawns should be left free in the fields; much more bears and wolves.
4. If a man's gun and bullets are his own, he may fire in any direction he pleases.
5. A fence across a road is inconvenient; much more one at the side of it.
6. Babies should not be swaddled with their hands bound down to their sides;

therefore they should be thrown out to roll in the kennels, naked.

None of these arguments are good, and the practical issues of them are worse. For the fact is, that there are certain eternal laws for human conduct, which are quite clearly discernible by human reason. So far as they are discovered and obeyed, by whatever machinery or authority the obedience is procured, there follow life and strength. So far as they are disobeyed, by whatever machinery the disobedience is brought about, there follow impotence and dissolution. And the first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master, and submit to him; and to find his true inferior, and conquer him. The punishment is sure, if you either refuse the reverence, or are too cowardly and indolent to enforce the compulsion. A base nation crucifies or poisons its wise men, and lets its fools rave about the streets. A wise nation obeys the one, restrains the other, and disciplines all.

The best examples of the results of wise normal discipline in Art will be found in whatever evidence remains respecting the lives of great Italian painters in eras of progress. But just in proportion to the admirableness and efficiency of the life, will be usually the scantiness of its history. The individualities and liberties which are only causes of destruction may be recorded, but the loyal conditions of its daily breath are never told. Because Leonardo made models of machines, dug canals, built fortifications, and dissipated half his Art-power in capricious ingenuities, we have many anecdotes of him, but no picture of importance on canvas, and only a few withered stains of one upon a wall. But because his pupil, or reputed pupil, Luini, laboured in constant and successful simplicity, we have no anecdotes of him, though hundreds of noble works. Luini is, perhaps, the best central type of the highly-trained Italian painter. He is the only man who entirely unites the religious temper which was the spirit-life of Art, with the physical power which was its bodily life. He joins the purity and passion of Angelico to the strength of Veronese; the two elements, poised in perfect balance, are so calmed and restrained each by the other, that most observers lose the sense of both. The artist does not see his strength, because of the chastened spirit in which it is used, and the religious visionary does not recognise his passion, by reason of the frank human truth with which it is rendered. He is a man ten times greater than Leonardo;—a mighty colourist, while Leonardo was only a fine draughtsman in black, staining the chiaroscuro drawing, like a coloured print. He perceived and rendered the delicatest types of human beauty that have been painted since the days of the Greeks, while Leonardo polluted all his finer instincts by caricature, and remained to the end of his days the slave of an archaic smile; and he is a designer as frank, instinctive, and exhaustless as Tintoret, while Leonardo's design is only an agony of science, admired chiefly because it is painful, and capable of analysis in its best accomplishment. Luini has left nothing behind him that is not lovely, or that is accusable in any definite error; but of his life I believe hardly anything is known beyond remnants of tradition which murmur about Lugano and Saronno, and which remain uncleaned. This only is certain, that he was born in the loveliest district of North Italy, where hills and streams and air meet in softest harmonies. Child of the Alps, and of their divinest lake, he is taught, without doubt or dismay, a lofty religious creed, and a sufficient law of life,

and of its mechanical arts. Whether lessoned by Leonardo himself, or merely one of many disciplined in the system of the Milanese school, he learns unerringly to draw, unerringly and enduringly to paint. His tasks are set him without question day by day, by men who are justly satisfied with his work, and who accept it without any harmful praise, or senseless blame. Place, scale, and subject are determined for him on the cloister wall or the church dome; as he is required, for his sufficient daily bread, he paints what he has been taught to design wisely, and has passion to realise gloriously; every touch he lays is eternal, every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure; his hand moves always in radiance of blessing; from day to day his life enlarges in power and peace; it passes away cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining yet, arched far against the night.

Oppose to such a life as this that of a great painter amidst the elements of modern English liberty. Take the life of Turner, in whom the artistic energy and inherent love of beauty were at least as strong as in Luini; but, amidst the disorder and ghastliness of the lower streets of London, his instincts in early infancy were warped into toleration of evil, or even delight in it. He gathers what he can of instruction by questioning and prying among half-informed masters; spells out some knowledge of classical fable; educates and shapes himself, by an admirable force, to the production of wildly majestic, or pathetically tender and pure pictures, by which he cannot live. There is no one to judge them, or to command him; only some of the English upper classes hire him to paint their houses and parks, and destroy the drawings afterwards by the most wanton neglect. Tired of labouring carefully without either reward or praise, he dashes out into various experimental and popular works—makes himself the servant of the lower public, and is dragged hither and thither at their heels; while yet, helpless and guideless, he indulges his idiosyncracies till they change into insanities; the nobleness and strength of his soul increasing its sufferings, and giving force to its errors; all the purpose and power of life degenerating into instinct; and the web of his work wrought at last of beauties too subtle to be understood, mixed with vices too singular to be forgiven—all useless, just because the magnificent idiosyncrasy had become one of solitude, or contention, in midst of a reckless populace, instead of submitting itself in loyal harmony to the Art-laws of an understanding nation. And the life passed away in darkness and tears, and its work, in all the best beauty of it, has already perished, only enough remaining to teach us what we have lost.

These are the opposite effects of Law and of Liberty on men of the highest powers. In the case of inferiors the contrast is still more fatal; under strict law, they become the subordinate workers in great schools, healthily aiding, echoing, or supplying with multitudinous force of hand, the mind of the leading masters: they are the nameless carvers of great architecture—stainers of glass—hammerers of iron—helpful scholars, whose work ranks round, if not with, their master's, and never disgraces it. But the inferiors under a system of license for the most part perish in miserable effort; a few struggle into pernicious eminence—harmful alike to themselves and to all who admire them; many die of starvation; many insane, either in weakness of insolent egotism, like Haydon, or in a conscientious agony of ignorant purpose and warped power, like Blake. There is no probability

of the persistence of a licentious school in any good accidentally discovered by them; there is an approximate certainty of their gathering with acclaim round any shadow of evil, and following it to whatever quarter of destruction it may lead.

It was in the full persuasion of these facts, and of the consequent necessity of some statement of law for our schools, that I began these papers, hoping they might fall chiefly into the form of discussion. That in such a journal as this I should obtain no answer to so simple a question as the first I asked, respecting the proper character and use of the black outline, is itself a fact of some significance. For the present I am tired of writing without help; and having stated, as far as I know them, the higher laws which bear on this elementary question, I leave it to such issue as my good editor and his artist readers care to bring it to, until January, when, if nothing hinder, I will again take it up where they leave it for me.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE several committees acknowledge their debt to the London Press: in all cases, justice has been accorded to their efforts; a generous sympathy, an earnest desire to "help," and a cordial wish to promote its prosperity, influenced the several writers who have reported the progress of the Exhibition. Judgment has been awarded with reference to what is done, rather than to what is neglected or omitted; and it is not too much to say, that a very grateful sense of assistance received influences those to whom was confided the laborious and onerous task of forming the collection. We are more than disposed to follow so wholesome an example: for we are well aware that the various gentlemen who were the agents of the committee in so many parts of Europe did their best; where they failed, it was from no lack of energy; and if we miss much that might have been in the Exhibition, we can blame only the apathy or hostility of those who could, at little sacrifice, have essentially aided the movement.

As it is, however, the Exhibition is one of deep interest, and cannot but exercise a very beneficial influence on the future of Ireland.

Even now—as we write, towards the middle of June—the Exhibition is by no means complete. It is, perhaps, as much so as other exhibitions have been. There seems to be a tacit understanding that the day advertised for opening has reference merely to the doors. In Ireland they copied the example set by England; the 9th of May meant the 9th of June; and many contributors made their arrangements accordingly. Some weeks must, therefore, pass before we can review the Exhibition as a finished work.

The collection of pictures numbers, perhaps, two thousand: chiefly the contributions of Belgium and Germany. France sends very few; Holland not many; Spain has been a liberal helper; so has Norway. Italy shows fairly; but of the leading artists of the Continent, scarcely any are present. The British School is well represented, although the supply has been principally derived from the National Gallery, the Royal Academy, and her Majesty the Queen. Private collectors have not been generous. The water-colour gallery is but scantily furnished. The contributions of Mr. F. W. Burton (of which there are eight) are, however, sufficient to give great attraction to that department; and the artist to whom has been confided the duty of arranging the drawings, Mr. T. A. Jones, contributes two of his own works that would be honoured in any exhibition. It is probable he will receive many additions, for efforts are still making in this direction.

The noble collection, the Victoria Cross Gallery, has been generously lent by its pro-

prietor, and is exhibited in a separate room,—giving due honour to the admirable artist, Louis Desanges.

In sculpture, the Exhibition is singularly rich—that is to say, in productions by foreign artists: a "court" was set apart for their reception: it is of very graceful proportions and admirably "lit;" the space was utterly insufficient; works are skilfully scattered in all parts of the building, and are still "coming in."

In so far as the Fine Arts are concerned, therefore, there is a very great gathering of good things: many of them will teach as well as please; and the impression thus made in Ireland cannot be other than beneficial.

The nave, aisles, and galleries, are full of interesting objects in Art-manufacture; and they are gradually increasing. Ireland exhibits its choicest specimens of the Arts in which that country has attained excellence: they are neither numerous nor prominent; but in several they are seen to advantage side by side with those of England; and, at all events, give encouraging evidence of progress. The jewellery of Messrs. Topham and White (a long established firm) is of great excellence; so is that of Mr. Waterhouse; while Mr. Brunker and Messrs. Schriber, in their mixed collections, show some remarkably good efforts of native artisans. This department, however, derives much of its strength from England. Mr. White, of Cockspur Street (the brother of the Irish jeweller) has given valuable aid: the stall is a rare assemblage of beautiful works. Messrs. Aubert and Linton have a case of great value: among their Art-treasures is a set of pink coral, exquisitely carved and of rare beauty; better fitted, however, for a cabinet than for wear, while in the case of Mr. Brunker there is an enamelled coronal of Irish pearl, relieved by diamonds, that has rarely been surpassed. Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, exhibits his monster clock, and a number of very beautiful watches.

The linens of Belfast, and the hose of Balbriggan, maintain their high character; but they have in no way been subjected to the influence of Art. Not so, however, with the time-honoured "tabinet." Messrs. Fry and Messrs. Pim uphold the renown of their country in this long-famous manufacture of Ireland. Messrs. Fry have given special attention to the ornamentation as well as the material. Their designs are, in all cases, good; and they have largely extended the demand for that beautiful fabric. But Messrs. Fry do not confine their trade to this article: they are also manufacturers of silk tabarets, and damasks, of paper hangings also, and the general range of "upholstery," in which they compete with the best producers of London.

The Irish lace is justly famous. In that, Mr. Forrest takes the lead, as he did in 1862, while Mr. Allen closely follows him. Both show fine collections of charming works; beautiful in fabric, and, for the most part, faultless in design. Several of the schools in various parts of the country exhibit both crochet and embroidery of rare merit.

The Bog-oak ornaments are, of course, prominent in the Exhibition. Assuredly the best of these are the contributions of Mr. C. Goggin, of Nassau Street. Those of Mr. Samuels, perhaps, rank next; those of another Goggin follow; but the producers of these graceful articles are very numerous, and greet the stranger everywhere. They are charming, in great variety, and generally of much merit in design.

There are other articles of Irish manufacture to which attention should be directed. Some of the marble chimney-pieces are of great excellence. There is a promising collection of earthenware, the issues of a factory on Loch Erne. Some admirably designed and wrought productions in metal by Messrs. Riddell, of Belfast, and a case of exquisitely modelled wax flowers by Mrs. Henry Gorme, attract and deserve universal admiration.

The furniture manufactured by Messrs. Fry we have noticed; although the best, they are by no means the only contributors. Messrs. Strahan maintain the high position they obtained in 1862. Messrs. Jones and Son are valuable aids: so also are Mr. Beakey and Mr. McDowell. Egan of Killarney contributes

several excellent tables, escritoires, &c., made of the renowned ash-burk wood of the district. They are inlaid, and may be accepted as very satisfactory proofs of what can be done by native workmen labouring in a small provincial town. Mr. Egan has an extensive trade at Killarney, and has supplied many tourists with the productions of his manufactory—memorials of the beautiful district in which the wood is grown, and where the furniture is made. The English upholsterers have been liberal contributors to this department. Messrs. Gillow, Jackson and Graham, Trollope, Howard and Sons, and Mr. Sedley, send some good works. The very charming cabinets, chairs, flower-stands, &c., of Messrs. Brunswick Brothers, of Newman Street, attract much attention. They are, for the most part, copies of rare examples in the style Louis Seize, inlaid with great skill, and occasionally decorated with ornaments in ormolu. Messrs. Dyer and Watts have sent several examples of their furniture in stained pine. They are works of much grace and beauty, having all the effect of inlaying, and are produced at a cost singularly small.

Mr. Crichtley, of Birmingham, is, we believe, the only manufacturer who exhibits the produce of the capital of iron-work. He has sent a good supply of stove-grates, hall-stands, fenders, fire-irons, &c., of very great excellence, with regard to both design and manufacture. Mr. Peyton contributes iron bedsteads, Messrs. Chubb patent locks and keys, Messrs. Edwards, grates, fenders, and fire-irons, and Messrs. Hood iron fountains and lamp-posts. Sheffield is represented by a small case containing a few articles in cutlery, the contributions of Messrs. Rodgers. Messrs. Thompson and O'Neill of Dublin have done better. They show some excellent works in this department, which we take to be of their make. The only manufacturers of glass who contribute are Mr. James Green, of Thames Street, and Messrs. Powell, of Whitefriars. The works of Mr. Green are of the highest character. The purest metal has been engraved upon with consummate skill. It is difficult to over-praise his attentive collection—one of rare beauty and value. The contributions of Messrs. Powell are also of much excellence. Mr. Alderman Copeland has been an important aid in this way. So, also, are Messrs. Phillips, who show some engravings of very great merit, the work of a young Irish artist in their employ.

Ceramic art is nobly upheld by Mr. Alderman Copeland. His works occupy large space; and, on the whole, perhaps form the most important collection of manufactured articles in the exhibition. They are in immense variety; supplied less with a view to sale than to assert the supremacy of the art in England. Sevres has certainly not sent its best; but the court devoted to the famous factory of France, by no means throws into shade the productions of Stoke-upon-Trent. Mr. Goode exhibits a choice selection of the works of Minton. Those of Worcester are found scattered among several stalls; but the Hill Pottery of Burslem has a case containing a variety of objects of great merit. There are, we believe, no other manufacturers represented here, although some of the dealers of Dublin show the productions of many.

Among the most liberal of all the contributors to the Exhibition is Mr. Blashfield, of Stamford. His works in terra-cotta are known and rightly estimated everywhere. He has filled up two spacious stalls, which contain a large variety of his excellent productions. We trust they will find, as they ought to do, many to appreciate them in Ireland, where gardens and conservatories are the continual luxuries of the wealthy. Those who require graceful and useful articles for "out-of-doors," will certainly examine and covet the productions of Messrs. F. and G. Roscher, in artificial stone; they exhibit several, together with examples of garden-edging, &c.

Mr. Magnus sends several chimney-pieces, table-tops, &c., of highly-decorated slate; they are pure in design, and very beautifully painted. Messrs. Maw & Co., of Brossly, amply uphold the renown they have acquired; their collection of tile pavements and majolica tile wall decorations are of the very highest merit.

A number of very beautifully carved and gilt frames are exhibited by Mr. G. Rowley, of Man-

chester, who has established renown in that way; several are from the designs of Mr. Harry Rogers, made expressly for Mr. Rowley.

The Mediæval Court has been rendered very attractive by the combined efforts of Skidmore, Hart, Hardman, Cox, and Halland and Fisher.

Perhaps the most remarkable, interesting, and instructive department in the Exhibition is that which contains the productions of India, collected and arranged under the direction of Dr. Forbes Watson and Captain Meadows Taylor. They have been selected chiefly from the rich stores of her Majesty the Queen, and from the museum attached to the India House. Lord Gough and Captain Meadows Taylor have also enriched this most brilliant court with articles from their own private collections. The series consists of upwards of twelve hundred objects, and is an exhibition in itself.

Our colonies are fairly represented, but they contribute little in the way of Art. We must except, however, some exceedingly beautiful examples of bookbinding, the productions of Canada.

We must limit ourselves to a word of reference to the rooms devoted to photography. There are upwards of one hundred contributors, and a day may be well spent in this department alone.

The Music Court is another object of great attraction, containing as it does a large assemblage of musical instruments of all kinds. The walls are covered with cartoons, contributions from Germany, of the highest possible interest.

The Foreign Contributions are neither numerous nor good; here and there, however, we obtain evidence of that artistic skill in design which supplies lessons to the British producer. Austria sends little; its rank is sustained principally by the large and well-remembered case, which attracted so much attention in 1862, containing "articles in leather, wood, and bronze," the manufacture of Klein, of Vienna. The furniture of "bent wood" of Thonet Brothers, objects in carton-pierre and stags' horn, clocks, and clock-cases, of questionable merit, meerschaum pipes, some wood-carvings and lucifer matches, make up the sum-total of the aid that Austria has rendered.

Much more has not been done by Belgium. Leclercq has sent two good and effective, but by no means first-class, chimney-pieces of marble; of Brussels Lace there are some beautiful examples, and there are a few bronzes of much merit; that is nearly all.

France has been somewhat more liberal in her supply: there are silks and velvets from Paris, Lyons, and Tours; shawls from Paris; lace from Chantilly; bronzes from Barbedienne and Miroy; cast-iron works from Barbezat; and clocks and lamps in great variety, collected and contributed by MM. Carlin and Corbiere.

From several of the German states there are contributions, but few of them are attractive.

Italy has, however, done much for the Exhibition. Among its contributions are some beautiful cabinets in ebony, carved and inlaid, some mosaic tables, several fine examples of terra-cotta, imitations of Etruscan vases, enamelled tiles, sculptured picture-frames, and various other objects that may be safely placed under the heading of High Art.

In the glance we thus give at the Dublin International Exhibition, we may lead our readers to believe that the collection, if not all that was looked for, and, perhaps, expected, is one of very great interest. As we have intimated, it is even now incomplete; the catalogue (of which a first edition is before us, and as yet there has been no other) is but an imperfect guide. No doubt those who visit Dublin after these remarks are in the hands of readers, will find matters far better than we found them, and will have greater reason to be content.

The London Stereoscopic Company are issuing views of the building and its principal contents. They are produced with the care to excellence that distinguishes all their works, and will undoubtedly convey a good idea of the peculiarities of the structure; already some very fine stereoscopes and photographs of the opening ceremony have been issued.

SELECTED PICTURES.

IN THE COLLECTION OF
W. HOLDSWORTH, ESQ., HAMFAT.

WORDS OF COMFORT.

T. Faed, R.A., Painter. R. C. Bell, Engraver.

ONE of the earliest pictures exhibited in London by Mr. Faed, in 1851, under the title of 'Cottage Piety.' He had already acquired a reputation in his native country, Scotland, where he was then living, when he sent to the Royal Academy this and two other works of a domestic character, one entitled 'The First Step,' the other an illustration of the popular ballad, 'Auld Robin Gray.' These works gained considerable notice, so much so as to induce the artist to continue his contributions to our chief metropolitan exhibition, and, in the following year, to take up his abode in London: they were, in fact, the advanced guard, so to speak, of a series of pictures of a somewhat similar description, which have placed the artist in the foremost rank of genre painters.

Whether it be true or not that the Scots, as a people, have a higher regard than their Southern neighbours for moral and religious obligations, and are, therefore, more attentive to the duties which such obligations involve, it is certain that both Scottish poets and painters uphold what may be called a popular idea on the affirmative side of the question, by describing and representing scenes in accordance with it. And it is well that, at least, the semblance of good should be made apparent, even if the reality does not exist; it serves as an example worthy of imitation, though it may not be followed; it is sown, at random perhaps, but the grain may take root and bring forth an abundant harvest. Sacred Art—or that which bore such a character—was in olden time the great medium of instruction whereby the people were taught the truths of the Christian faith; the artists of those days were almost, if not quite, as successful spiritual teachers as the surplised priesthood; and though the age of Saints and Madonnas, and 'Immaculate Conceptions,' and 'Holy Families' has passed away, the painter of a simple devotional subject, like that Mr. Faed has placed on canvas, may effect as much good by compelling some thoughtless mind to reflect, as did Raffaele, La Vinci, Correggio, and other great painters centuries ago, by their grander and more ambitious works.

It may or may not be the eye of the Sabbath, as Burns describes that prelude to the day of rest in his "Cotter's Saturday Night;" at any rate, the occupants of the cottage have assembled to hear "Words of Comfort" out of the sacred volume, which the master of the family—a blacksmith, as appears by his apron—reads; he reminds us of a couplet, all we now remember, of a poem learned in childhood:—

"Then the good father, with spectacles nose,
Reads the Bible aloud ere they take their repose."

The head of the old man, with his white hair peeping below a brown scratch-wig, is a capital study, well lighted up, and free from any exaggerated expression; beside him is his wife, listening attentively to the narrative; the two younger females may be their daughters, but there is a refinement in the general character of the nearer girl especially which does not agree with such a supposition; she seems, in fact, to be "out of harmony," in personal appearance, with the other members of the family.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

No. VI.—J. FÜHRICH AND J. E. STEINLE.



WE shall proceed in our next lecture to create God, were the startling words of a German metaphysician. This boast, which is really not so irreverent as it sounds, serves as an index to that transcendental philosophy which has exerted no inconsiderable power over the modern school of German Art. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" are questions which from age to age have sought solution. Many are the aphorisms which show how the mind of man has again and again striven to possess itself of the divine idea infinite and perfect, how the imagination, the intellect, and the conscience have essayed to fashion the supreme God of the universe. "Each man is himself a miniature of God." "None can feel God who shares not in the Godhead." "No person possesses God, unless he is possessed by God." "Virtue in its consummation reveals a God." "The Deity dwells with all good men." "From the consciousness of the Divine springs the idea of Divinity." "God is the soul of the soul, as the soul is the soul of the body." Such are the axioms of that "philosophy of the absolute" which from the professor's chair have passed into the studio of the painter. The German metaphysician, as we have seen, proceeds to create a crowning climax. Deity he evolves out of consciousness. External and personal divinity is an induction from internal and impersonal intuition. Thus in this system the mind of man is the focus, the centre, the

standing ground, and the starting point, to the entire circuit of an ideal philosophy. Above the soul rises the infinite God, beneath and around the soul extends a vast spreading nature. I think this exposition will in some measure explain what Overbeck and his disciples mean when they assert that all pictures should be soul-pictures. This Art-philosophy, which I believe with some modification is essentially true, stands, I need not say, in direct contravention to the mere materialism propounded by Locke and other English and Scotch metaphysicians. "A soul picture" is an emanation from man's immortality. It is divine because of the indwelling divinity; it manifests the Godhead, because each spirit in its essence is "a miniature of God." Such is a "soul picture" which essays, according to the bold words of the metaphysician, "to create God." Thus, again, when the æsthetic mind, the "pure reason" of the Germans, mirrors forth nature, the forms are after the fashion of the eternal types kept in the mansion of the heavens. Over this spiritual Art reigns unruffled serenity. The accidents which mar creation, the errors which creep into the translation of the essence and spirit into form, the mishaps which show as blots on the face of nature, these are all exorcised and excluded from so-called soul and spirit pictures. Hence in the abiding triad of God, Man, and Nature, intrudes no schism. Rather is there a sustained unity, a diversity of manifestation under one essence, over which the infinite perfection "created" by the metaphysician reigns all in all supreme. It is difficult in a few words to express a meaning which I feel to be of vital importance, not only to all Art creation and criticism, but especially to the right understanding of the transcendental German painters of the modern school. I can now give only a slight sketch of a system which I would gladly work out to further completeness.

In a series of papers devoted to German painters, æsthetic sketches are not out of place. The threefold basis on which Art-philosophy should rest has been already indicated. God, Man,



Drawn by J. W. Allen.]

J. Führich, Paint.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

THE ASCENSION.

"And dost Thou, holy Shepherd, leave
Thy flock in this dark vale alone,
In cheerless solitude to grieve,
While Thou to endless rest art gone?"

"The sheep in Thy protection blest,
Untended wilt Thou leave to mourn?
The lambs once cherished at Thy breast,
Forlorn—oh! whither shall they turn?"—GOSGORA.

Nature, threefold, yet indivisible components, are the elements out of which the fabric of æsthetics must be woven. The system in God gains a theocracy, in the mind of man an aristocracy of genius, and in Nature democratic power of appeal. It is worthy, also, of remark that the first two elements are what the Germans call "subjective;" the third, on the contrary, is "objective." In the union of the "subjective" with the "objective," of the "inward" with the "outward," of the "infinite" with the "finite," does Art-philosophy obtain its totality and completeness.

This consummation, which is indeed the crown of a truly noble structure of æsthetics, finds emphatic expression in the words already quoted—"God is the soul of the soul, as the soul is the soul of the body." Herein God, Man, and Nature, are seen to intermingle in one common and divine life.

Oh, the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,
A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.

In words still more express does Coleridge, a Platonist by birth, and a German metaphysician by erudition, proceed to enunciate the transcendental philosophy of nature and of Art, which I have indicated but in outline.

"And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harp diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All."

German pictures may be used as diagrams, illustrative of the diverse schools of philosophy. In Germany, and indeed throughout Europe, Art now takes that naturalistic phase which has not inaptly been termed democratic. What the mob is in a nation, such is the medley of common nature in Art. Painters in all countries, like the major part of politicians, are tending downwards towards demagogues. They have faith chiefly in savage and unregenerate nature; in materialistic forms they recognise force, and the objects of outward sense are for them the only truths. German Art, forgetful of its noble aspiration, has of late

given itself over to this plebeian nature. The palace has been forsaken for the cottage, the hall of state for the hovel and the back-kitchen, the church for the beer-cellar, the worship of God for the orgies of Bacchus. Thus the once pure school of Düsseldorf is now, alas! tainted with the vulgar life and corruption which were the besetting sins of low Dutch Art. And this falling away in some measure comes of a mistaken view of what nature is, and of the verities which philosophy teaches. Nature, especially human nature, theologians tell us, abides under a curse; the pristine beauty of creation has been marred; sin has entered the world, and with transgression came misery, disease, and deformity of the beauty in the first estate. Now, if Art-philosophy be of any worth, it should show the painter that unmitigated and unredeemed naturalism is like the unwashed democracy, is like a *sans culotte* republicanism, is like a harvest field where the tares choke the good seed, is like unto the net which brought to the shore things fair, and likewise living creatures foul. Such is the calamity wherewith the false study of nature threatens the schools of Germany, and, indeed, of collective Europe.



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

J. E. Stehle, Paint.

CHRIST RAISING JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

The remedy for this evil has been already indicated. The truly catholic system of aesthetics allies, as we have seen, unto nature, the correlative powers of Man and of God. These more divine agencies uplift nature, and exalt the artist, who is her student. And the bond which unites man to nature, and nature to man, every painter who would impress noble and right-minded thoughts upon the age in which he labours, must strictly observe. That favourite speculation taken up by Goethe in *Faust*, which makes nature the macrocosm, or the great world, and man the microcosm, or the little world, an epitome of the great, contains in few words all that can be said on this subtle problem in metaphysics. The mind of man is a mirror into which is reflected the whole of nature; and again nature presents a series of phenomena which tabulate and express in visible and tangible forms each idea which dwells within the soul. This is the essence of that doctrine of "correspondence" which has been elaborated with over much nicety by Swedenborg and his disciples. Yet the grand law of "correspondence" between mind and matter,

between the world of spirits and the material creation, lies, in fact, at the very foundation of all Art-expression. Visible forms are, by an eternal fitness, the language and often the very body of invisible truths. The light of the sun in the outward creation is the natural symbol of the light of truth within the mind; and the darkness of night foreshadows the blackness of sin upon the conscience. The limited space at command forbids me to carry out these wide-stretching thoughts to their legitimate conclusions. Enough, however, has been said to show that the naturalism which is now creeping into German Art, finds direct counteraction in the philosophy that exalts spiritual types above material forms. According to the teachings of this supersensuous science, those features in nature are specially low which become allied to man's vices and passions; and for just the opposite reasons, those conformation grow noble which are consonant with the purest attributes of mind. It is scarcely necessary to add that the "soul pictures" of Overbeck, Führich, and others of the school, in obedience to this faith, place the flesh in subjection to the spirit.

I cannot now stop to point out the modifications which the tragic element in Art necessarily involves.

Upon German spiritual Art the stigma has been cast, that it makes nature subservient to the morbid moods of mind. While naturalistic schools start, as we have seen, immediately from nature, spiritual schools, it will be easily understood, commence with spirit. This, the bias and the bane of German high Art, has been at once the source of inspired strength and the snare to incipient infirmity. It is interesting to observe how the faith and the practice of the so-called Christian artist have accorded with the æsthetic system just propounded. In the course of this and preceding papers I have more than once quoted the dogma enunciated by Overbeck and his followers, that all pictures should be "soul pictures." It remains now in few words to point out the metaphysical truth which underlies this dicta. We have seen that the mind of man, as a microcosm, is the mirror and the

epitome of outward nature. And, accordingly, within the chambers of the spirit dwell the primal types of all created forms, the patterns of things on earth, in their original truth, goodness, and beauty. These, as intuitions of a noble mind, too often in the world deadened and disobeyed, are, in fact, the promptings of an artist's good genius. In the silent watches of the night, as from the land of spirits, when the gates are thrown open which separate between life and death, float across the field of imagination forms fashioned in realms of light. This is not a mere theory, or a cobweb swept from the upper stories of a metaphysician's intellect, but an actual fact, substantiated again and again in the Art-history of the world. It was thus that angel forms came as an answer to Fra Angelico's prayers; it was thus that poet-painter Blake in waking vision saw spirits; it is thus that saints of unearthly purity and sanctity are shadowed forth upon the canvas of Overbeck, Führich, and other painters in the German spiritual



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

J. E. Steink. Piart.
THE LAST JUDGMENT.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

THE LAST JUDGMENT, AS DESCRIBED BY JOHN HOWE, CHAPLAIN TO CROMWELL.—"The lofty soul hath the image before his eye of the world dissolving, monarchies and kingdoms breaking up, thrones tumbling, crowns and sceptres lying as neglected things. He hath a telescope through which he can behold the glorious appearance of the Supreme Judge; the solemn state of his majestic person; the splendid pomp of his magnificent and vastly numerous retinue; the obsequious throng of glorious celestial creatures doing homage to their Eternal King; the swift flight of his royal guards, sent forth into the four winds to gather the elect, and covering the face of the heavens with their spreading wings; the universal silent attention of all to that loud sounding trumpet that shakes the pillars of the world, pierces the inward caverns of the earth, and resounds from every part of the encircling heavens. The judgment is set, and the books are opened."

school. I think that an attentive examination of the entire products of so-called modern Christian Art indicate this origin. There is in the fabric a bodily frailty which seems in itself to bespeak a spirit-birth. There is a vague generalisation which belongs to the hazy sphere of dreams. There is a mental abstraction and reverie which indicate a far remove from earth. There is the absence of those disturbing accidents, flaws, and fissures which come from rude conflict with stern reality, while at the same time we recognise somewhat of the serene beauty and the unspotted goodness consonant with spirit beings. I think, then, without pushing the evidence too far, these German pictures may be received in testimony of the truth of that ideal philosophy which has laid so firm a hold on the Teutonic mind.

One more step must be taken ere we can reach the elevated platform whereon German Art rests in heights serene. "We

shall proceed in our next lecture to create God," said the metaphysician—a necessary and a final act in any complete system of Art-philosophy. Nature is finite, man also is finite; it is only by bringing God upon the scene that the vista of infinitude is thrown open. We have found that nature cannot satisfy the soul, neither can the soul satisfy itself; all creation longs for the perfection it does not reach. Hence Deity is the inevitable climax, the great keystone which binds and crowns the arch of the universe. Now this consummation, essential to a complete general philosophy, is specially needed in every system of æsthetics, and more than all is it a necessity to that scheme which shall serve as a safe scaffolding to the sky-soaring structure of religious Art. The German artists have always felt that nature alone could not supply their needs; they have even, it has been said, condemned the use of actual models. Resource then was had, as we have seen, to the

inward tuitions of the mind; but man is mortal, and his mind is finite. How then shall religious Art enter upon that infinitude which is her region? how shall she converse of that eternity which is her heritage? how can she be fashioned in that perfection, and clothed in those divine lineaments which no eye hath seen, and yet all souls desire? This is the problem which the religious artists in Germany have striven to solve. It were too much to say that a task so arduous has been attended with absolute success. Still, by keeping the spiritual eye in steadfast gaze upon the infinite, finite forms of earth, and finite conceptions of the intellect, have gained extent, gathered beauty, and obtained access to the divine. And although in Art, as in philosophy, it may be difficult to show how the absolute can be brought within the grasp of man, yet without this infinitude, human life and creative genius were denied the one idea which imparts grandeur and vitality. "Idea," do I say, as if this conception were for the artist a mere phantom of the imagination, and not a positive fact. The poet and the painter pant after a divine perfection, and the deity they worship is not a grand hypothesis of the intellect, but an all-present God, who, filling the heavens, is yet upon earth abiding with the artist in the studio, and presiding over the work of imagination. The true religious painter is daily in communion with deity, and thus infinitude flows through the narrow channels of his being, and permeates his pictures. Religious Art were, indeed, a hollow sham, if not upheld by this life-giving inspiration. It is, I think, to be regretted that German artists, often in too slavish subjection to the old Italian masters, have been content to take inspiration at second-hand. It had been better could they always have remembered that Philosophy and Christianity open immediate access to the infinite.

A concise, and, at the same time, a clear exposition of an æsthetic system, which shall reconcile the diverse phenomena of German Art, it were difficult to give. It may be feared that the imperfect attempt here made will share the common fate of such efforts, that of being impracticable and unintelligible. Yet I would beg that the reader may accord to the suggestions thrown out kindly consideration. Nature, Man, God, form the triad whence emanate German religious works, in common with the products of all other schools of high Art. Nature proceeds from God, man also proceeds from God, and things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other. And thus over the trinity of Art reigns unity.

JOSEPH FÜHRICH, historical painter, and a leading representative of High Church Art, was born at Kratzau, in Bohemia, in the year 1800. Fühlich joined in the common pilgrimage to Rome, and in the Villa Massimi, near the Lateran, executed frescoes illustrative of Tasso's Jerusalem. His love for romantic Art, however, soon gave place to his devotion to that religious school wherein Overbeck officiated as the high priest. The life of Fühlich has been crowded by countless works, a bare list of which would make a goodly catalogue. In Vienna he became professor, and of the Munich Academy he was member. German critics discover in the artist's productions profundity, grandeur, beauty, and religious expression. He designs with nobility of thought, he paints in the mystic spirit of the Catholic faith. On the other hand, it is conceded that the designs of Fühlich lack vigour and animation; the passive virtues impart to his characters the graces of resignation, but the active powers are wanting to give individual strength. This, in fact, is nothing but the old tale over again—the repetition, with scarcely a single varying phrase, of the strictures which, with justice, have been passed on every practitioner in the revived school of Christian Art.

'THE ASCENSION,' which we engrave, is a design which fairly represents the manner of Fühlich. The forms throughout are thoughtfully studied: the heads, the hands, and the attitudes, bespeak devotion; the figures combine individual expression with generic type; the draperies are cast in symmetric folds, after the usual manner of the German school; and the general composition, accurately balanced on either side, is brought to a climax in the head of the rising Saviour. Travellers who have visited the scene of the Ascension will at once recognise the spot. The footprints, still objects of veneration, are marked on the crest of the Mount of Olives. Beneath may be seen the trees in the garden of Gethsemane; above rise the platform of the temple and the hills which are round about Jerusalem. As for the disposition of the figures, the painter has adopted a treatment so simple, that little room is given for remark. It will be observed, however, that the Madonna is in the company of the Apostles. Mrs. Jameson tells us that "all the old legends represent her as present on this occasion, saying, as she followed with uplifted eyes the soaring figure of Christ, 'My Son, remember me when Thou comest to Thy kingdom! Leave me not long after Thee, my Son!'" The simplicity of the composition is specially apparent in the unpeopled solitude of the heavens into which the Saviour is soaring. In a well-known picture by Perugino, the sky is literally thronged by cherubs and the angelic choir. The treatment of the German artist is more impressive. Fühlich, in common with many pre-

ceding painters, has improved upon the text—"And a cloud received Him out of their sight." The gates of the everlasting mansions are thrown open for the King of glory: His brow, beaming as the mid-day sun, is radiant with emanating light—"Lo, the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia!" Lady Eastlake reminds us that "the Ascension is not among the very earliest subjects of Christian Art." But the doctrine incorporated in the oldest known creed was not likely to be long neglected by the religious painter.

Our English artists, who have strangely held aloof from this the crowning glory in the Saviour's life, leave the inspiring theme to the pen of the poets. At the foot of the engraving we have placed two stanzas by the Spanish poet, Gongora, touched with tenderest pathos.

JOHANN EDUARD STEINLE was born in Vienna in the year 1810. He studied Art in that city until 1828, when he went to Rome, and joined company with Overbeck and Veit. On his return to Vienna in 1834, he was filled with the spirit of the new Catholic school, and entered on that sphere of Art-creation which has made his life illustrious. In common with the chiefs of his party, Steinle has designed numerous cartoons, and has practised with success the revived Art of fresco painting. He has also been engaged in the restoration of the tempera pictures of the cathedral at Cologne. In the year 1850 he went to Frankfurt as professor of historical painting in the Stadel Institut, where our English artist, Mr. Leighton, was among his pupils. In that city he has executed numerous works. Among these I was specially impressed with the stern and awe-moving spirit in which the 'Sibylla Tiburtina' is clothed: a figure momentous for metaphysical musing, with face and form to haunt and waylay the thoughts. The pencil of Steinle is a magic wand which evokes out of the vast abyss, ideas, mystic and ominous. In a simpler strain is conceived that sweetly sympathetic composition, 'THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER,' which we have selected for engraving. There is pathetic loveliness in this child of twelve years, frail and beautiful as a flower that has faded out of life. The girl awakes as from a gentle sleep; the eyes are still drooping, as when the cold wind and the dew of night have closed the petals of a tender plant. The painter has evidently caught the idea "the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Decay's effacing fingers have not yet swept away the lines where beauty lingers in the languor of the placid cheek. The ecstatic rapture of surprise in the father and the mother contrasts finely, both with the gentle movement of their child upward rising, and with the calm dignity that presides over the figure of Christ.

"The subject of the Last Judgment," writes Lady Eastlake, "has tested the powers of some of the greatest and most opposite masters both north and south of the Alps." The treatment of this grand theme has become traditional; the situation seized by the artists of all schools is more or less the same; and the distribution of the figures in these imposing scenes is subject to little change. In the conception of Steinle, however, may be noted, if not novelties, at all events accepted ideas, nobly expressed. Christ appears as supreme judge. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him." He is seated on a rainbow, the symbols of the four Evangelists serve as a sustaining throne; and above rises the aureola of nebula glory, whereon burn fiery tongues, the emblems of the seven gifts of the Spirit. The heavenly host floating on angel wings gaze in wondering adoration on the beatific vision. Beneath are seated in stately array the patriarchs, prophets, and martyrs, in accordance with the words, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world." The Madonna kneels in her accustomed position before her divine Son. On the opposite side in the place usually appropriated to St. John the Baptist, stands the Angel of the Resurrection, ready at the command of the Judge to sound the trumpet which shall awake the sleeping dead. The Baptist, who, as we have said, occupies a new station, seems to be once again proclaiming in mid-sky the mission he preached while on earth: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Around are seated, with open books, the twelve apostles, ready to "judge the twelve tribes of Israel." The scene is laid in the upper heavens, at a point where the spectator catches not a glimpse of earth: the rising dead, therefore, are hidden from view. The drawing from which our engraving is taken was designed for the choir of the cathedral at Cologne. Works of this magnitude and portent are seldom undertaken save in Germany; unfortunately such creations lie beyond the sphere of our painters and the sympathy of our English patrons. The deficiency on the part of our artists has, however, received some compensation in the eloquence of our divines. The sermons of Howe, Jeremy Taylor, and other preachers, contain passages prophetic of the coming doom, indited with a power which no picture can surpass. One of these gorgeous word paintings I have placed as a fitting comment beneath Steinle's composition.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

"LIVERPOOL POTTERY."

A NOTICE OF THE VARIOUS "DELFT WARE" WORKS, AND OF THE INVENTION OF PRINTING ON CHINA AND EARTHENWARE, IN LIVERPOOL.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

It would, perhaps, scarcely be expected that in such a busy, bustling, and gigantic, if I may so say, place of enterprise and commercial activity as Liverpool—in midst of shipping of every description, and surrounded by the most enormous, nay, cyclopean, undertakings of one kind or other—we should successfully look for the full and perfect accomplishment of so quiet, so unostentatious, so peaceful, and so delicate an art as that of the potter. But thus it is; and Liverpool, which counts its docks by tens, its wharves and stores by hundreds, its shipping by thousands, and its wealth by millions—which can boast its 500,000 inhabitants, its overground and underground railways, and every appliance which modern ideas can give or possibly require—which has undertaken the accomplishment of some of the most wonderful and gigantic schemes the world ever knew, and which it has carried out in a spirit of commendable and boundless energy that invariably characterises all its actions—has not been behindhand with its more inland and more modest neighbours in the manufacture of delicate porcelain, and of pottery of the most fragile nature.

As, however, in the wildest and grandest of nature's favourite places, the botanist looks for the simple fern or the most delicate flower, so it has been with Liverpool and its pottery. As in the one case, amidst the most stupendous rocks, the lovely and delicate little flower springs into life, flourishes, and becomes perfect—a wee "thing of beauty," which becomes a greater joy because of its immense surroundings—so, in the other, the quiet, unassuming, and inobtrusive art of the potter has sprung up in the midst of shipping of the largest kind, and of undertakings of the most stupendous character, and has, in consequence of these surroundings, become more lovely and interesting. Let the simile, however, be carried a little further. It must be confessed the pleasure one feels in knowing that this art, which sprung up in Liverpool years ago, and flourished, as everything there ought to flourish, is modified by the fact that it no longer exists within its boundaries, but has been crushed out by the growth of the town, and the successful competition of more favoured localities. Like the small flower which, when saplings were planted around it, still found sustenance enough to feed and flourish upon, yet, as they grew and overshadowed it, gradually sickened, faded away, and died, this manufacture, as the tall chimneys and high masts sprung up around and overtopped it, gradually became a thing of the past, leaving only its remembrance, like dried specimens of the flower in the omnium of the botanist, in the shape of examples stored away in the "cabinets of the curious." And beautiful these examples are, and more varied in their peculiarities, than the productions of any other district, the "Potteries" excepted.

The first of these varieties to which I shall give attention is that of the Delft ware, made at Liverpool for a considerable period, and of excellent quality. In my present chapter I propose, therefore, confining my remarks to "Liverpool Delft ware," and in succeeding ones shall speak

of the finer earthenwares, and the porcelain, and of their makers.

The term "*Delft ware*," it is, perhaps, needless to state here, takes its origin from the town of Delft, in Holland, where this particular kind of ware was made to a large extent, and where it is stated the manufacture was carried on as early as 1310. In the middle of the seventeenth century, according to Chaffers, there were "nearly fifty potteries in operation at Delft, employing more than a fourth part of the entire population, viz., about 7,000 persons, and this was the most flourishing period of its existence. In the middle of the eighteenth century they were reduced to twenty-four, yet making a considerable quantity of pottery. At the present day, of all this number of potteries only one remains, and its productions are of a very inferior character, being of yellowish pipe-clay, devoid of any attempt at ornamentation." Of this great change Von Bleswyck says, that the Delft pottery "was so famous, not only in these provinces, but also in Brabant, Flanders, France, Spain, and in the West and East Indies, that in a few years twenty-eight potteries were established in Delft alone. The number was afterwards increased to thirty; but these, like all similar establishments, had their turn of prosperity; for in 1702 the number had decreased to twenty. In another twenty years six more were given up. In 1808 six only were in existence, and in 1849 we are informed that only two remained. The hard paste wares of Wedgwood were found to be as superior to those of Delft, as those of Delft had been to the soft wares of the preceding epoch. This naturally caused the decline of this celebrated production, which now gave place to the English wares."

For a long period the bulk of pots used in England were imported from Holland; but Dutch workmen coming over and settling here, and English workmen prosecuting their researches and experiments in a successful manner, soon altered this state of affairs, and the home market became stocked with home-made goods. Thus, instead of looking to foreign states for a supply of wares, England so successfully competed with them in their production, as soon to be able to export at a cheaper rate than the Dutch could manufacture. Delft ware, although not generally known to have been produced in England, was, as I have on another occasion shown, undoubtedly made in several localities.

Of these places, besides Bristol, Lowestoft, the metropolitan districts, the "Potteries," and other places, Liverpool produced a large quantity, and that of excellent quality; and there the manufacture continued located until quite a late period in the annals of Delft pottery.

The peculiarity of Delft ware is, of course, that the body is formed of a soft buffish-coloured clay, and then smeared on its surface, or dipped, with a fine slip of a blueish or greenish-white tint, on which the pattern is painted, and then glazed over. The patterns were usually painted in blue, but other colours were occasionally employed, with good effect. This is well evidenced in the examples of Liverpool Delft that have come under my notice, in which yellow and green are introduced with good effect. The appearance of Delft ware is extremely soft and pleasing, and the higher qualities bear, on the surface, a nearer approach to the brilliancy and softness of Oriental porcelain than most wares do.

But little has, until lately, been known relating to the potteries of Liverpool, and only a few collections contain early examples

of the wares there made. Indeed, I believe it may be said that even yet many collectors are at fault regarding the varieties of wares there made, while others are ignorant even of the town having a claim to be one of the seats of English fictile art. Liverpool has, however, despite this want of recognition, produced its Delft ware of the finest quality, its cream-coloured ware, its porcelain, its terra cotta, its fine white earthenware, and its tortoiseshell ware; and has produced the earliest, and certainly the finest, specimens of transfer printing. If proof were wanting of the truth of my remark—that but little has, until lately, been known of the productions of the Liverpool pot works—it would be found in the notice in the "Catalogue of the Collection of Specimens of British Pottery and Porcelain in the Museum of Practical Geology," a work deserving of great praise, edited by Sir Henry de la Beche and Mr. Reeks, where all that is stated is this—"No detailed information has hitherto been obtained at the museum respecting this earthenware. It is known that potteries were carried on at Liverpool about the middle of the last century, and amongst them was one called the *Herculaneum*." Thanks, however, to Mr. Mayer, to whom not only Liverpool, but the whole antiquarian world, is so largely indebted for his more than princely encouragement of archaeology, and all that is enlightening in literature and Art, Liverpool has been placed in the proud position it ought to occupy in the annals of fictile art, and the part it has played in that art has been rescued from oblivion. Mr. Mayer, who possesses a marvellously fine collection of pottery, as well as one of the finest and most valuable of private museums in existence, feeling that the history of this important art in his town had been grievously neglected, set himself to the task of collecting together whatever information was available, and the result was the reading of a paper before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, in which he traced the history of the various pot works and their owners, so far as the scantiness of the material would enable him, and thus filled up the chasm which had been left by the compilers of the catalogue. To my friend Mr. Mayer's labours, then, are collectors indebted for what information they have hitherto possessed, and to those labours I am indebted for much of the material whereon is founded my present article. Through his courtesy, too, I am enabled to give some of the illustrations which accompany it.

It is more than probable that in mediæval times the coarse ware of the period—the pitchers, porringers, dishes, &c.—were made on the banks of the Mersey. The first mention of pottery, however, occurs in 1674, when the following items appear in the list of town dues:—

"For every cart-load of mugs (shipped) into foreign ports, 6d. For every cart-load of mugs along the coast, 4d. For every crate of cups or pipes into foreign ports, 2d. For every crate of cups or pipes along the coast, 1d."

The earliest pot-work of which there is any reliable information, appears to have been that of Alderman Shaw, situated at Shaw's Brow, which afterwards became a complete nest of pot-works belonging to different individuals. At these works was most probably made the earliest known dated example of Liverpool Delft ware. This is a large oblong-square plaque, unique in its size and decoration, which is preserved in Mr. Mayer's museum, and is shown on the engraving on the following page.

It is of fine Delft ware, flat in surface, and measures 2 feet 7 inches in length, by 1 foot 8 inches in depth, and is nearly three quarters of an inch in thickness. The body is composed of the ordinary buff-coloured clay, smeared, like what are usually called "Dutch tiles," on the face with a fine white clay, on which the design is drawn in blue, and then glazed. The plaque

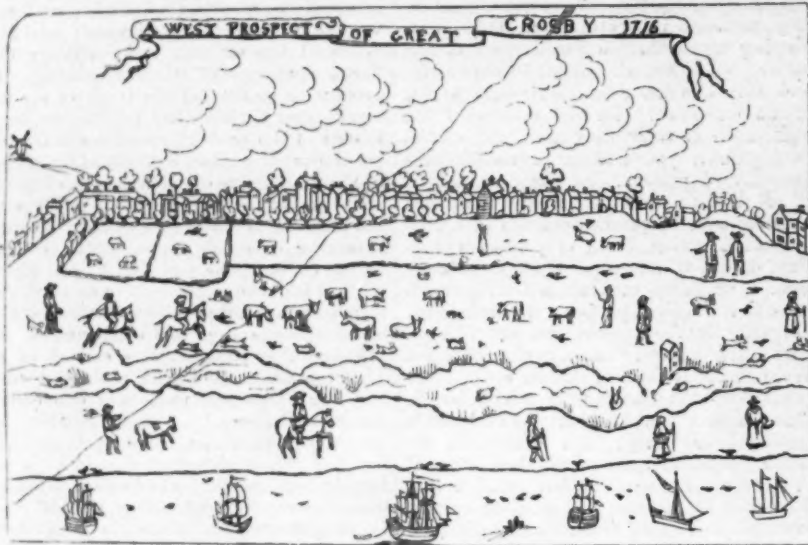
represents the village of Great Crosby as seen from the river Mersey, and bears the name and date, "A WEST PROSPECT OF GREAT CROSBY, 1716," on a ribbon at the top. In the foreground is the river Mersey, with ships and brigs, and a sloop and a schooner. The large ship in the centre of the picture has a boat attached to her stern, and another boat containing two

that this view, taken a hundred and fifty years ago, might well pass for one just executed.

Another plaque, of the same make, is affixed to the wall of old Crosby Church, and is here engraved. It will be seen to be of a few years later date, 1722, and of a different class of workmanship. It is affixed to the wall over one of the seats, and bears the arms of the Merchant Taylors' Company, viz., *argent*, a royal tent between two parliament robes, *gules*, lined *ermine*; on a chief *azure*, a lion of England; crest, a Holy Lamb in glory, *proper*; supporters, two camels, or; motto, "*Concordia parva res crescunt*." Below is the inscription—

THIS SEAT WAS ERECTED BY
JOHN HARRISON AND
HENRY HARRISON, OF
LEVERPOOLE, 1722.

This interesting plaque is of lozenge form, and measures twenty inches from point to point, sixteen inches on each side, and is nearly an inch and a half in thickness. It is of precisely the same kind of ware as the view of Crosby, and was doubtless the production of the same establishment. John and Henry Harrison are said to have been natives of Crosby, the grammar school of which village they erected and endowed, after having made large fortunes as merchants in London, the trust being held by the Company of Merchant Taylors. Mr. Mayer mentions that another of these curious plaques, or slabs, was attached to the front of a house at Newton-cum-Larten. It was circular, and bore the arms of Johnson and Anton impaled, with the date 1753. The Mr. Johnson whose armorial bearings it represents, was afterwards Mayor of Liverpool, and formed St. James's Walk. He married Miss Anton, an heiress, and built the house where the slab was affixed, and which is believed to have been made and presented to him for that purpose by his brother alderman, Mr. Shaw, the potter. Another dated example is a mug in Mr. Mayer's possession, shown on the accompanying engraving. It is decorated with



men is seen rowing towards her, while on the water around them are a number of gulls and other sea-birds. On the sandy banks of the river are several figures, consisting of a woman with a basket on her arm, apparently looking across the river; another woman, also with a basket on her arm, walking with a long stick; a man also walking with a stick; a gentleman

on horseback; and a man driving an ass before him. Beyond these figures rise the sandbanks, covered with long grass and heather, in which is a rabbit warren. The warren keeper's house is shown, as are also numbers of rabbits. Beyond this again, in the open space, are a number of figures: men on horseback are seen galloping about; women are carrying baskets;



men are walking about, some with dogs, others without; and the intermediate space is pretty well studded with cattle, rabbits, and birds; a milkmaid milking one of the cows. Behind this again, the ground is divided by hedgerows into fields, in which are cattle, people walking to and fro, and a milkmaid carrying a milkpail on her head. In the background is the town of Great

Crosby, including the school-house and numerous other buildings, with long rows of trees and palings, gates, and other objects incidental to the scene. To the left of the spectator is Crosby windmill, still standing; and those who are best acquainted with the aspect of the place, as seen from the river at the present day, say that little alteration has taken place in the village;



borders in blue and black, and bears on its front the initials and date

P
I · R
1728

There were, it appears, two potters, at least, of the name of Shaw—Samuel Shaw, who died in October, 1775, and Thomas Shaw, who, I believe, was his son. The works were, as I have stated, at a place which, from that circumstance, took the name of Shaw's Brow, a rising piece of ground on the east side of the rivulet that ran at the bottom of Dale Street. Here the early pot-works were established, and here in after years they increased, until the whole "Brow" became one mass of potter's banks, with houses for the workmen on both sides of the street; and so numerous were they

that, according to the census taken in 1790, there were as many as 74 houses, occupied by 374 persons, the whole of whom were connected with the potteries. At these works, Richard Chaffers, to whom so much honour is due for the advances he made in the manufacture of porcelain, was apprenticed to Shaw, and on the Brow he established his own manufactory, as I shall show in my next chapter. In 1754 the following very interesting little notice of these potteries occurs in "The Liverpool Memorandum Book; or Gentleman's, Merchant's, and Tradesman's Daily Pocket Journal for the

year 1754, so arranged as to be useful and convenient for all sorts of people, particularly with regard to their expenses, engagements, and occasional business:—

"The chief manufactures carried on here are blue and white earthenware, which at present almost vie with China. Large quantities are exported for the colonies abroad."

Of about this period are some examples in Mr. Mayer's museum, and in my own collection. Of these, I engrave a few of the most striking and characteristic. In the first engraving is shown a magnificent

kerley mugs, in yellow, blue, and green. The date of these unique examples of Liverpool Art is therefore about 1750—1760. They are the only examples of figures, either human or of animals, of this make which have come under my notice. Fragments of figures were, however, I believe, found in excavating on the site of Shaw's pottery a few years ago.

Another dated example of about this period is a fine Delft ware bowl, on the out-



punch-bowl, measuring 17½ inches in diameter, and of proportionate depth. It is, of course, of the ordinary Delft ware, the decorations being painted in blue. At the bottom of the bowl, inside, is a fine painting of a three-masted ship, in full sail, with streamer flying at the mast-head, the Union Jack at the jib, and a lion for a figure-head. This fine bowl was "made for Captain Metcalfe, who commanded the Golden Lion, which was the first vessel that sailed out of Liverpool on the whale fishery and Greenland trade, and was presented to him on his return from his second voyage, by his employers, who were a company composed of the principal merchants of Liverpool, in the year 1753." The size of this bowl, and the excellence of its decorations, as well as its workmanship, shows to what great perfection Shaw had at that time arrived in this manufacture, and in how great estimation his productions must have been held.

Among other articles besides mugs and punch-bowls, were fish-dishes, which probably will be new to my readers. They are, like the rest, of Delft ware, and are usually decorated with fishes around their



outsides. The one here engraved bears the initials I.B. In the next engraving are shown two mugs, of the same body and glaze as the plaques already described. The larger one of these Delft ware mugs is ornamented with flowers, painted in blue,

green, and black, and bears the initials and date T. F. 1757 on the side near the handle. It is a quart mug of plain form. The initials T. F. are those of Thomas Fazackerley, to whom it was presented by its maker, a workman at Shaw's pottery. In the following year, 1758, Mr. Fazackerley



having married, his friend made the smaller of the two mugs—a pint one (which may be construed into implying that the lady was the more abstemious drinker of the two)—represented on the engraving, on which he placed the initials of the lady, Catherine Fazackerley, and the date C. F. 1758 within an oval on its front. This mug is decorated with flowers, painted in green, yellow, and blue. These two interesting mugs, with the account of their origin, came into Mr. Mayer's hands from the son of their owners, Thomas and Catherine Fazackerley.

Two of the most interesting examples of Shaw's manufacture which have come under my notice, are in my own possession; one of them is here shown. They are a pair of cows, 4½ inches in height; the upper half of each lifts off. They are excellently modelled, and are painted in flowers, evidently by the same artist as the Fazac-



side of which are painted birds, butterflies, and flowers, and on the inside a man-of-war, painted in blue and colours, with the inscription, "Success to the Monmouth, 1760."

OBITUARY.

CONSTANTINE TROYON.

VISITORS to the French Picture Gallery in Pall Mall are not unacquainted with the name and works of this artist—one of the best landscape and cattle painters of the modern French school—who died on the 20th of March. He was born at Sèvres in 1810, and in early life was engaged on the ornamentation of porcelain in the celebrated manufactory in his native place. Subsequently Troyon studied under Richeux, and commenced exhibiting at the *Salon des Beaux Arts*, Paris, in 1833; the best pictures of his early time are 'A Fête at Sèvres,' and a 'Corner of the Park at St. Cloud.' In 1841 his picture 'A View in Brittany' gained for him much well-deserved praise. In 1838 he received a third-class medal for landscape painting, and in 1840 one of the second class; in 1846, and also in 1848, a first-class medal was awarded him, and in the following year he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

The gallery of the Luxembourg contains examples of this skilful artist's works; but his most important picture, perhaps, is 'Going to Market,' a flock of sheep driven along the road at early morning. It was exhibited at the *Salon* about five years since. Troyon was a most assiduous painter, and his constant labours at the easel threatened, at one time, to deprive him of sight. A few months only before his death he was overtaken by a more terrible calamity than his former affliction. The loss of reason compelled his friends to place him in confinement; and although he recovered his intellect, his health had become so shattered, that he finally sank.

As a colourist, Troyon must not be placed in the same category with our best landscape painters, but his works are well composed, show careful study of nature, and truth of drawing.

* To be continued.

AUGUSTE HYACINTHE DEBAY.

The French school of Art has lost another of its most distinguished representatives by the death, in the month of April, of this artist, whose father and elder brother have acquired considerable celebrity as sculptors. He was born at Nantes in 1804, studied first as a painter under Gros, gained a third-class medal in 1819, the *Premier Grand Prix de Rome*, for historical painting, in 1823, and a first-class medal in 1831. He then gave up his easel, and studied sculpture under his father, Joseph Debay. Auguste is best known by his group entitled 'The First Cradle,' Eve holding on her knees, and encircling in her arms the infants Cain and Abel, who are asleep with their arms entwined lovingly in each other, while the mother bends thoughtfully and lovingly over them, as if anticipating their future fate. 'The work,' says Mrs. Jameson, 'is a group of extraordinary talent and power, both in conception and treatment. The form of Eve has all the amplitude and vigour which ought to characterise the first parent; and thus Michael Angelo has represented her.' This group, in marble, was exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1851, where it received much attention. A cast of it is among the sculptures in the Crystal Palace.

To the Paris International Exhibition of 1855, this artist contributed both pictures and sculpture. Among his more prominent works in the latter art were a statue of Perreault in the new Louvre, and a monument to the memory of the late Archbishop Affre. In the palace at Versailles are three of his pictures: 'The Meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold,' 'The Battle of Dreux,' and 'The Enrolment of the Volunteers of 1792.'

JOHN ANTHONY SCOTT.

In the death of Mr. Scott, announced in our columns not very long ago, the house of Dominic Colnaghi & Co. has suffered a most severe loss. At the time of his decease he was forty-seven years of age, and had been in connection with the firm in Pall Mall as a partner for twenty-six years, having joined it on attaining his majority. He was well known and greatly respected in the circles of Art, as the active manager of the affairs of the firm, the most important enterprises of which he conducted with an energy and ability that always secured success. In respect of rare old prints and etchings (especially those of Rembrandt) his discrimination and knowledge were unsurpassed. The drawings he has bequeathed to the National Collection in Edinburgh are the gatherings of many years. He was a great admirer of Cristall, and possessed not fewer than one hundred and ten drawings and sketches by this artist, which were also sent to Edinburgh.

This noble bequest entitles him to be held in affectionate remembrance by the Art-lovers of the North. Such was the esteem in which he was held in the Art-circles of London, that a public gift as magnificent as even that could scarcely have enhanced the kindly feeling with which he was regarded. He was educated at the Charterhouse, as a preliminary preparation for entering the Church, but his views were changed early in life, when he became connected with the eminent publishing house of which he was the right hand. He was for many years a great sufferer, but despite the depression and exhaustion resulting from his affliction, he resolutely performed his duties, and never lost the sympathy which he had always felt not only with the

progress of Art, but with the advancement of individual artists, many of whom have been indebted to him for well-timed help before reputation made easy their paths in professional life.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON.

"The late Sir Joseph Paxton." What cause for earnest sorrow is contained in that announcement! No man of the present century has contributed so largely to our enjoyment—not to ours only, but to that of all those who have visited our shores—as "the late Sir Joseph Paxton." Up-springing from the people, the love and the knowledge of all that is beautiful in nature grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength: his quick and sagacious brain was warmed by as true and honest a heart as ever beat in an Englishman's bosom, and the sunshine of his nature refreshed all upon whom it shone. His voice was as kind, his smile as bland, to the peasant as to the peer. Gentle and genial, he was also firm and unflinching, and if he could have been called "sturdy" in anything, it was in his independence.

We might have wondered that a man lifted so suddenly as Sir Joseph Paxton, into the full blaze of popularity, by his master stroke of genius in 1851, should have continued natural and unaffected, and as much at his ease in the stately pageant that opened the "Exhibition" as if born to the highest station in the land. But, fostered and friended as he had been from his boyhood by the late courtly and kindly Duke of Devonshire, he could hardly receive more truly elevating honours than had been lavished upon him at Chatsworth; his education, so to say, had been that of "a court," and elevated without impairing the charming simplicity of his nature.

"We were going to press" when the death-toll of this national loss smote upon our heart, and we have no time to render fitting homage to the memory of a people's friend; we can but briefly record our sorrow. He looked his last—this great, good man—towards the palace that, having its origin at Chatsworth, took the whole world by surprise in Hyde Park, and was reconstructed under his fostering care amid the gentlest of the Surrey hills—a source of perpetual enjoyment.

To die, to "pass away" at sixty-two, was to die young; yet his life was so full of works, that every hour of his existence seems to have done a day's duty! During the Crimean war he organised a "navy" corps, which did excellent road-making service in the Crimea. He was a hard-working director of the Midland Railway, and never refused the influence of his name and support to whatever was worthy of assistance. He was greatly successful as an architect; whatever he undertook, he threw the whole power of his strong yet flexible mind into, and did well. But his real title to our admiration and gratitude is as the greatest GARDEN ARCHITECT that England has ever produced; the whole world has been able to estimate the admirable manner in which he mingled and dignified all that was beautiful in nature and Art into an harmonious result at the CRYSTAL PALACE—that is the great monument to his memory, but not the only one with which grateful England will glorify his name.

Sir Joseph Paxton had hosts of friends who will grieve for his loss; but there are hundreds of thousands who never saw him who will honour his memory.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ., SUNNYBANK, MANCHESTER.

LABOUR.

John Linnell, Painter. J. Cooper, Engraver.

WERE we desirous of showing to a foreigner, ignorant of both, what is the character of English rural scenery, and what is that of our school of landscape painters, we should introduce him to the pictures of John Linnell as best exhibiting the peculiar features of the one, while manifesting the highest qualities of the other. If Turner be regarded as the chief of the idealists, Linnell may be accepted as the head of the naturalists; and yet, strange to say, there are people so devoid of perception that they cannot estimate at their proper value either of these two great artists. The former had laid aside his pencil for ever, and was gone to his rest, almost before the public had learned to appreciate him at his true worth; and it is only within the last few years, comparatively, that the works of the latter came to be understood and eagerly sought after: now they command any price he chooses to ask for them, and must always hold the foremost rank in the productions of our native school.

Linnell's style is as original in its way as that of Turner; there is no artist, ancient or modern, with whom he can be compared, not one to whom we can point as his model; he is, as it were, his own master; he looks at nature with his own eyes, not with those of another, and represents her after his own fashion—one as true as it is beautiful. Simple as his subjects almost invariably are, he renders them grand by the boldness of his treatment, the vigour of his execution, and the richness of his colouring; in this latter quality his pictures are absolutely unrivalled, and it is no exaggeration to affirm that an overpowering sense of oppression steals over the spectator who stands before one of his sultry-looking canvases in the crowded apartments of the Royal Academy—such, for example, as the picture here engraved.

The composition is simple enough, a portion of what seems to be an extensive undulating field, showing in its present state little else than stubble, for the husbandmen have almost cleared it to the foreground, and the gleaners have been allowed to enter and gather up the scattered ears of corn, that nothing be lost. The arrangement of the figures and objects in front is very easy and life-like, indicating that the artist has closely studied harvest operations.

At the extremity of the corn-field is a belt of trees, those in the centre of large growth; beyond is a wide expanse of country, other corn-fields interspersed with woods stretch far away right and left, gradually losing all distinguishing forms and character in the deep blue, or rather purple, tints of the distant horizon. The sky is treated in a manner which those acquainted with the works of this artist know to be a favourite method with him: large masses of fleecy clouds, some of them apparently charged with rain-showers, roll majestically onwards as the soft autumn winds move them; the largest mass stands out in bold relief against a background of blue graduated in tone. This portion constitutes a most beautiful part of the picture, and it is managed with great power of manipulation, yet tenderness of feeling, with respect to the delicate tintings which nature gives to her cloud-land.



J. LINDELL PINKY

LABOUR.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES FALLOWS, ESQ.

J. COUSEN SCULPT.



ART-RAMBLES IN BELGIUM.

CHAPTER I.

OPPOSITE our own coasts, and separated from them by a short sea-passage, the kingdom of Belgium possesses claims on the attention of the lovers of Art and history superior to any other near neighbour. The early history of England is much mixed up with that of the Low Countries; and to the Englishman, whose love of liberty is at once honest and profound, the actions of the brave men who so perseveringly fought against spiritual and regal tyranny when the hope of victory was indeed a forlorn one, must ever be dear. In the marshes of Holland and Belgium liberty made her last grand stand, emerging victorious, and giving to surrounding nations much of her benign influence. The first great blow at feudalism was struck by the brave Flemish burghers; and the basis upon which modern commerce rests had its foundations laid by them also.

The wealthy burghers of the Hans Towns were not mere tradesmen; they loved Art and literature, and patronised both in a most catholic spirit. The taste permeated all ranks; thus the trade-guilds, or fraternities of workmen, instituted their "Chambers of Rhetoric," and concocted dramatic moralisations, often thought worthy to amuse kings and nobles, when *joyeuse entrée* gave these honest workers a chance of testifying their loyalty and respect.

Nowhere can a greater or more sudden change be felt than in the short passage between London and Antwerp. The greater, and the most disagreeable part of the voyage, takes place in the night, when the steamboat becomes a floating hotel. The morning is passed in the windings of the Scheldt; mid-day lands us at Antwerp, amid scenes that recall the memories of three hundred years. The past mingles with the present so quaintly and so charmingly, that the student of Art and history may be envied his first visit to Antwerp.

As the mouth of the Scheldt is entered, the town of Flushing gives token of a contrast to our own shores. The river is like an arm of the sea, the town a walled and embattled gathering of quaint old houses in a lonely plain of sand, a solitary home for an amphibious race of hardy fishermen. Terneuse, a small village, with a finely painted church, a high-pitched roof and spire, and an abundance of weathercocks, is the next place passed; then comes Warden, of which we give the characteristic features in our small sketch. Doule soon succeeds it, a droll, Dutch-looking little place, with very few houses, and its church (a little cathedral, as all the Belgic churches appear to be), with a miniature steeple and spire, transepts, and west porch. Almost immediately afterwards we come in sight of Fort Lillo, which, with its opposite brother, protects this part of the stream, and guards the approach to Antwerp. Nothing can afford a greater contrast than this river and the Thames; the one crowded with vessels, the other dull and lonely, yet fortified so strongly, while our own river, crowded with shipping, and lined with buildings, has a comparatively unprotected look. The Scheldt is a difficult river to navigate, but it once received vessels from all parts of the world; its windings are most tortuous, and it is a very sudden curve that brings Antwerp in sight, its group of spires and towers cutting against the sky in picturesque relief, and holding out fair promise of a pleasant sojourn to the traveller.

The *Place Verte*, on the south side of the cathedral, is the focus of life and gaiety. The tree-shadowed old square is the favourite resort of the idler, and will have strong attraction to the stranger, for it is one of the most picturesque localities in the old city. The entire length of the cathedral forms one of its boundaries; the quaint roof and spires of this building are nowhere seen to greater advantage. In the centre of the place stands Geefs's noble colossal statue of Rubens, and the Englishman may feel, in looking upon it, that he is in a country where men, mentally great, who devote themselves to the elevation of the higher emotions of life, are honoured and recognised. Rubens is "the

bright particular star" of Antwerp; its inhabitants never tire of honouring his memory; his residence is still shown, his favourite chair is preserved in the Museum, every trifle in the town connected with him is held sacred. The people, are, however, equally attached to the renown of other names that have made their city famous. Quintin Matsys and his history is familiar to every one; so is that of Vandyke. It is not too much to say that, while many great statesmen and warriors are forgotten, the artists of Belgium are familiarly and affectionately remembered by their modern countrymen.



FORT LILLO.

pictures that were painted by real "Pre-Raphaelites." We must be content to miss those that preceded the seventeenth century, particularly when we find such glorious works of that period as reward the seeker in every corner of the old city. Nowhere can Rubens be seen to such advantage; in fact, he can fully be comprehended only in the city of his residence; works displaying all his peculiarities of style and character throughout his long, industrious, and honourable life, are here. The "prince of artists" is still a ruler in Antwerp, and it would

be difficult to find another city where an artist is so entirely honoured.

It is not requisite, nor do we propose to descant upon his works here, or narrate their number and titles; that has been long since done in our pages and elsewhere. In taking a rapid survey of Belgium and its Art-works, we may merely point out noticeable pictures, elucidating them by sketches from, or rather dissections of, each picture. Architecture must come in for the due share of notice demanded by that important art, particularly as regards



WARDEN.

the quaint peculiarities that catch the eye of a stranger. All this, and other features of ordinary life in Belgium, must be embodied in our passing glance.

The war between the two great divisions of churchmen, the Papists and the Reformers, was fought as desperately here as anywhere, with the alternations that "the chances of war" bring. Now the religion of Rome seems firmly fixed, and nowhere are the stately services of that faith more strikingly conducted than in Belgium. In Rome they partake too much of the festive, or theatric, in their style, and are

wanting in the grandeur and dignity that give them so impressive a character here. The architecture and fittings of the churches are more in accordance with the solemn pomp of religion; "the glory of regality" seems to invest the national faith; and the gorgeous processions on great festivals, to which all kneels bow, show the deep-seated reverence of the people.

The stranger will notice at many street-corners pleasing little groups of the Virgin and Child, before whom lamps are occasionally lighted. Some of these are of considerable antiquity; many possess much native grace. We



FIRST VIEW OF ANTWERP FROM THE RIVER.

give two specimens of these canopied figures; in one instance (p. 210) the simplicity of nature alone has been aimed at; there is a *motif*, however, in the action of the infant Saviour unusual in works of its class; He starts forth from the embrace of the Holy Virgin, holding forth the cross of redemption in the left hand, while the right welcomes the humblest aspirant of the faith. More of quaint, mediæval feeling is exhibited in our second specimen (p. 212). Here the Virgin is crowned and enthroned as Queen; her canopy is surmounted by a flag; a circle of stars adds lustre to her crown; she bears a

sceptre in her right hand, and is really "the Queen of Heaven," as with the Roman faith, rather than the simple "Mother of Jesus," as the Protestants consider her. The Saviour here is a passive figure, playing a very secondary part, as is too often the case in the Church of Rome. That she is "the woman" of the Apocalypse is typified by the serpent beneath her feet; her divine triumph is shown by the cherubim about her.

It is not always that the Virgin is thus shown triumphant. Her woes are often made the visible stimulus for the devotion of the faithful.

"Notre Dame de Sept Douleurs," is occasionally seen with seven poniards in her breast, typical of her spiritual wounds; occasionally with one only, as in the engraving (p. 212) of a statuette in the church of St. Andrew, attached to one of the pillars of the nave.

It is impossible to deny the great devotion of



FAITH: CHURCH OF S. CARLO BORROMEO.

the lower classes to all church ceremonials. The poor repose on the faith and in the hope of a better world, to compensate the misery to them of the present one; hence the high altars of the churches are never without devout plebeian worshippers; and their quaint costumes and simple devotion have abundant elements of the picturesque. The flat lands of Belgium and



Holland necessitate a peculiar head-dress for its peasantry. The strong winds that blow across these plains from the North Sea, would make any "broad-brimmed" head-covering perfectly unmanageable; so a strange bonnet has been invented, that is perched at an angle above the crown, with the narrowest brim possible, acting

as "a sun-shade" for the eyes. The girls manage to make up for the meagreness of the bonnet by the amplitude of the cap, and indulge in lappets of lace, as costly as they can afford. In fine weather the bonnet is dispensed with, and then the cap shines forth in all its glory. The ladies of the middle class wear dark veils, like the Spanish

mantilla; this custom may be traced to the days of Charles V. and the Spanish rule in the Netherlands.

Typical figures of Faith, more or less graceful, abound in the churches. In that of S. Carlo Borromeo—the sumptuous fane of the Jesuits—is a very elegant figure, borne on clouds, supporting



the cross, and elevating the cup of the Eucharist. The Church, under less triumphant influences, is seen in our second example.

No one can examine the Belgic churches without being forcibly struck by the abundance and superiority of the wood-carving with which they are enriched. With the utmost elaboration of hand-labour is combined a high artistic

feeling, and a painter-like freedom of execution that gives these works a very high character. It may be a question whether there be fitness in converting a pulpit into a group of figures and accessories embodying a scriptural story; but the objection does not hold with the elegant adjuncts which the gorgeous ritual of Rome demands. In the Church of the Augustines



THE INCREULITY OF ST. THOMAS—HUBENS.

are pleasing groups of cherubims and angels bearing floral gifts, that form the decorations of a confessional. Though not absolutely detached from the surface over which they seem fluttering, they are in such bold relief, being so much "undercut," that the finger may be passed behind many parts of them. The wood-carvers

of the Low Countries have always been celebrated for their talent, and their descendants in Belgium still worthily uphold their fame, as the modern works in Antwerp Cathedral abundantly prove.

The treasures possessed by the churches in the paintings which still adorn their walls, and

attract visitors from all parts of the globe, are enormous. Those that chiefly attract attention are the works of Otho Venius (the master of Rubens), Rubens, and Vandyke. Otho Venius, or Van Venne (he Latinised his name in conformity with a fashion among the educated in his era), is sometimes termed "the Flemish

Raphael." His works show much of the sweetness and purity of the great Italian, and are in this way far superior to those of his renowned pupil; but they are often cold and formal, and evidence little appreciation of the graces of colour. Venius was a most diligent painter and designer, imbued with strong religious mysticism, which

St. John cannot be studied for pathos and depth of feeling. Nor is the Virgin, with her arms extended transversely, a less speaking figure. She seems truly *accablée de douleur*, raising her imploring eyes toward heaven, as if to seek renewed strength there. The action of the two angels is full of sentiment and dignity—the one gazing on the wounded hand, to which St. John directs his attention with a gesture of affection and pitying sympathy, while the other, unable



THE ECSTASY OF ST. AUGUSTINE—VANDYKE.

shows most in the series of emblematical engravings he published, typifying the world and the spirit. Religious emblems were a book-fashion in those days, and talented men, clerical and lay, racked their brains in endeavouring to make the working of the mind take a bodily

form. How different from the simple truthfulness of Rubens; his greatest picture, "the Incredulity of St. Thomas," is chiefly remarkable for the unpretentious power of its reality. Here all is dignity and repose. The simple action of the Saviour is excellently rendered,



HEAD-DRESSES OF FLEMISH PEASANTRY.

the progress of conviction is admirably traced in the other figures. You feel that the incredulity of St. Thomas is not quite removed, although he scrutinises with an earnest intent, and awe-struck gaze, the wound in the hand which is extended towards him; but the features, and

more especially the hand, of the younger disciple say as powerfully as words could do, that he recognises his risen Lord. It is this simple majesty and power of expression that gives a higher character to the works of Rubens than their brilliant colouring or masterly manipula-



GROUP AT THE ALTAR, ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

tion would alone ensure. The head of St. Simon in 'The Presentation in the Temple,' is magnificent for its dignity and elevation. Vandyke's 'Ecstasy of St. Augustine,' is the nearest approach to this. The aged saint supported by youthful angels of extreme beauty, is the realisation of saintly humanity. There is here much

grace in the forms, and brilliancy in the colour of the entire composition, which is certainly one of the painter's best works. The beauty of his angels and younger male figures is again well shown in his picture of the dead Christ in the lap of his mother, now in the Antwerp Museum. A more beautiful group than the two angels and



ST. SIMON—RUBENS.

to endure the mournful sight, veils his face in his black drapery. In the large Crucifixion by Vandyke (which he gave to the Convent of the Jacobins in return for the care they took of his father during his last illness), there is a striking group at the foot of the cross. The angel is one of his most graceful figures. The action of St. Dominic, with his open arms and tenderly sympathising face, and of St. Catherine of Sienna, with her closed eyes and delicate ex-



A PEASANT'S CAP.

pression of purity, combines the qualities of dignity, grace, and tenderness, in as high a degree as they can be found in the works of this great master.

It was this power of introducing saintly legend into scriptural history that gave the earlier artists so much scope for variety in their compositions, and of which the moderns, for various reasons, cannot avail themselves. When



PRIESTLY COSTUME.

pictures were ordered for churches, it became a necessary duty for the artist thus patronised to introduce the saint to whom the church was dedicated; no feeling of anachronisms committed was ever allowed to interfere with this arrangement of the subject. This is strikingly shown in the portion of the picture here given. The boldest of modern painters would hardly dare to introduce at the foot of the cross saints who are popularly known to have lived many

hundred years after that event, and make them take the place of those (St. John and the Magdalen) who are known to have been there. This license gave variety to a hackneyed subject, but it ultimately led to evil effects. Artists were not satisfied with saintly legend, but emulated



"NOTRE DAME DES DOULEURS."

classic mythology, and revelled in groups of angels and geni more fitted for Roman baths (where they originated) than Christian churches. Some of this false feeling displays itself in the group: the winged Cupid—for he is scarcely an angel—seated at the foot of the cross has a reversed torch beside him, the classic emblem



THE MADONNA TRIUMPHANT.

of Death: the lamp and skull carry out the same idea. When Art submits to the adoption of such petty adjuncts, it is a sure sign of innate weakness; the fascination of such liberty is great, and soon resolves itself into license; and when weakness and license combine, we get

such furniture pictures as the Church was obliged to be content with in the seventeenth century, and which sapped the very foundation of re-

ligious Art. We see the worst examples of this want of pure religious feeling in the French school of the period of Louis Quinze; but this



FROM WOOD-CARVING, CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

bad pre-eminence was partially shared by the schools of Italy; it even pervaded sculpture under the guidance of Bernini, whose fluttering draperies, emulating pictorial art, deprived



FITTING ANGELS—AFTER VANDYKE.

sculpture of its innate dignity, and left in place thereof but a miserable exhibition of spasmodic power. The greatest of all Christian temples is disfigured by monstrosities of this kind; we



FROM THE CRUCIFIXION BY VANDYKE.

cannot wonder, then, that French sculptors and painters should have been unable to resist the fascination of following in the fashion patronised at the chief sanctuary of their faith.

PICTURE SALES.

The valuable collection of water-colour drawings, and a few oil paintings, the property of Mr. J. G. Robinson, of Liverpool, and others, were sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on the 22nd of April. The most important examples of the former were:—*'Sunset on the Thames,'* B. Foster, 115 gs. (Grindley); *'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,'* W. Hunt, 135 gs. (Grindley); *'Cottage at Hambledon,'* B. Foster, 125 gs. (Grindley); *'Malvolio'* and a scene from *'Love's Labour Lost,'* a pair by J. Gilbert, 160 gs. (E. White); *'Lucretia Borgia,'* A. Elmore, R.A., 166 gs. (Agnew); *'Highland Sports,'* F. Tayler, 205 gs. (B. White); *'Carisbrook,'* J. Varley, 100 gs. (Robinson); *'Port Madoc,'* H. B. Willis, 185 gs. (Westbrook); *'The Silver Trumpeters,'* J. Gilbert, 120 gs. (Vokins); *'Tintagel Castle,'* about six inches by nine, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 155 gs. (Agnew); *'Landscape,'* with cattle, about nine inches by thirteen, B. Foster, 185 gs. (Williams); *'Death of a fine old English Gentleman,'* J. Gilbert, 240 gs. (Morley); *'Coast Scene,'* with numerous figures, from the Allnut Collection, D. Cox, 132 gs. (Williams). Thirty-five exquisite drawings, mostly of a small size, "the property of a gentleman in the country," by the same great artist, were sold for 940 gs. to various bidders. The principal oil pictures included:—*'Well at Bettwasy-Cood,'* D. Cox, 190 gs. (Holmes); *'On the Scheldt,'* W. Müller, 200 gs. (Agnew); *'The Drowned Fisherman,'* Israels, a small replica of the large picture exhibited at the International Exhibition, 150 gs. (Lucas); *'Morte d'Arthur,'* J. Archer, R.S.A., 160 gs. (Willie); *'Measuring Heights,'* a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield," W. P. Frith, R.A., 240 gs. (Vokins); *'The Almoner,'* J. Faed, 215 gs. (Agnew); *'Felice Ballerin reading Tasso,'* a small replica of the larger picture engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1863, F. Goodall, R.A., 245 gs. (Westbrook); *'Faults on both Sides,'* a small canvas, T. Faed, R.A., 550 gs. (Vokins). The day's sale reached the sum of £7,925.

The sketches, drawings, and a few oil paintings, the works of John Leech, were sold on the 25th of April and two following days, by Messrs. Christie, realising the large sum of £6,500. The majority of the sketches was little more than first ideas of the pictures which for so long a time have delighted the readers of *Punch*, each the work of a few minutes, and yet they sold at prices varying from three and four guineas up to fifteen or sixteen, so eagerly were they sought after. The "Briggs" series of drawings ranged from 49 guineas to 110 guineas each; in fact, there was not a scrap of paper bearing a few scratches of the pencil of this universally popular and lamented artist that was not valued at many hundred times its weight in gold. And we are delighted to know it, for his own memory's sake and for the sake of his family.

The collection of pictures and drawings formed by the late Mr. John Whittaker, of Ashton-under-Lyne, was sold by Messrs. Christie & Co. on May 6th. Among the drawings we noticed especially, *'Chartres Cathedral—South Porch,'* S. Prout, 100 gs. (Agnew); and *'The Pet Lamb,'* F. W. Topham, 90 gs. (Agnew). The principal oil paintings were:—*'Ferretting for Rabbits,'* R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 125 gs. (Hopwood); *'Checkmate'* and *'Mated,'* the well-known engraved pictures by F. Stone, A.R.A., 280 gs. (Wilkinson); *'Landscape and Cattle,'* T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., and one of his very finest works, 452 gs. (Colnaghi); *'The Launch,'* G. Smith, 100 gs. (Agnew); *'View in Surrey,'* F. R. Lee, R.A., 200 gs. (Agnew); *'Loch Katrine,'* T. Creswick, R.A., small, 165 gs. (Whitehead); *'Departure of the Brittany Conscripits,'* F. Goodall, R.A., one of this artist's most important pictures, 700 gs. (Agnew); *'Alice Lee, Sir H. Lee, Albert Lee, and the King,'* a scene from *Woodstock*, John Faed, 500 gs. (Rippe); *'Castle of Ichia,'* C. Stanfield, R.A., 1,270 gs. (Agnew); *'The Dead Shepherd,'* R. Ansdell, A.R.A., a large gallery picture, 500 gs. (Agnew). The three following paintings were the property of another gentleman,

who obtained them direct from the respective artists:—*'Cottage in Wales,'* with two children in the foreground, D. Cox, 140 gs. (Ames); *'Landscape,'* with a Cottage, pine trees, and two children, W. Müller, 395 gs. (Hutchinson); *'The Mill-Stream,'* the engraved picture by J. Constable, R.A., 660 gs. (Agnew). A painting by the Baron Leys was sold immediately after the above; it was announced as "received from the Continent," and bore the title of *'The Re-establishment of Public Worship in the Church of Our Lady at Antwerp, in 1566.'* It was knocked down to Mr. Barker, for the sum of 235 gs.

On the same day and in the same rooms, Messrs. Christie sold the paintings and drawings belonging to Mr. Julius Sichel, of Timperley, Cheshire. The chief examples of the former were:—*'Where the Bee sucks,'* a beautiful composition of flowers by Miss A. J. Mutrie, 118 gs. (Ames); *'Vallée de la Cluse,'* near Boulogne, H. W. B. Davis, 150 gs. (Haylar); *'The Park,'* landscape by T. Creswick, R.A., the deer by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 350 gs. (Agnew); *'Gleaners Returning,'* J. Linnell, small, 140 gs. (Cox); *'Abbeville,'* D. Roberts, R.A., 210 gs. (Agnew); *'The Eve of the Deluge,'* J. Linnell, 210 gs. (Earl); *'Dutch River Scene,'* C. Stanfield, R.A., 305 gs. (Agnew); *'A Girl feeding a Lamb,'* the figure by J. Phillip, R.A., the lamb by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 350 gs. (Agnew); *'Sterne and the Grisette,'* W. P. Frith, R.A., very small, 100 gs. (Earl). The water-colour drawings included:—*'Breton Courtship,'* F. Goodall, R.A., 147 gs. (Agnew); *'A Ship in Distress,'* E. Duncan, 140 gs. (Vokins); *'Screen in the Church of Dixmude, Belgium,'* L. Haghe, 100 gs. (Neumann); *'Off the Mumbles Light-house,'* E. Duncan, 140 gs. (Agnew); *'The Flower-Girl,'* the celebrated drawing by W. Hunt, 350 gs. (Agnew); *'Italian Peasant Woman and Child,'* seated near a lake, L. Gallait, 175 gs. (Agnew); *'Don Quixote discoursing on Arms and Letters,'* J. Gilbert, 260 gs. (Agnew); *'In the Meadows, near Stratford-upon-Avon,'* Birket Foster, small, 250 gs. (Agnew). The proceeds of the day's sales amounted to £3,820.

Messrs. Foster and Sons sold at their rooms in Pall Mall, on the 11th and 12th of May, the extensive and valuable collection of water-colour drawings, with a few oil paintings, belonging to Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Sandfield Lodge. Among the most prominent examples of the former class of works were:—*'On the Road—a Family Party,'* *'Setters, Reindeer, and Bird,'* and *'A Girl driving a Flock of Sheep,'* all by F. Tayler, 250 gs. (Vokins); *'The Temple of the Winds,'* and *'Fort Rouge, after a Storm,'* C. Stanfield, R.A., 180 gs. (Flatou); *'The Baron's Hall,'* G. Cattermole, 100 gs. (Vokins); *'Sheep and Cows,'* and *'Cattle in a Landscape,'* T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 120 gs. (Earl); *'Apples and Grapes,'* W. Hunt, 110 gs. (Earl); *'An Abbey,'* and its companion, *'A Market-place,'* S. Prout, 160 gs. (White); *'Palace on the Banks of a River,'* and *'Fort Rouge,'* D. Cox, 100 gs. (Vokins); *'Sheep in Snow,'* and *'Cows in the Meadows near Canterbury,'* 175 gs. (Earl); *'Cromwell discovering the Escape of Charles I.,'* G. Cattermole, 117 gs. (Vokins); *'Macbeth and the Witches,'* and *'The Convent Porch,'* also by G. Cattermole, 115 gs. (Vokins); *'A Showery Day,'* and *'Landscape and Figures,'* D. Cox, 125 gs. (Vokins); *'The Kennel,'* and *'Highland Cattle,'* F. Tayler, 140 gs. (Chester); *'Landscape,'* and *'Arundel Park,'* Copley Fielding, 125 gs. (Agnew); *'Harvest-Time,'* and *'A Road Scene,'* D. Cox, 120 gs. (W. Cox); *'Lago Maggiore,'* and *'A Sea View,'* C. Stanfield, R.A., 305 gs. (Agnew); *'The Evening Gun,'* G. Cattermole, 125 gs. (Agnew); *'Devotion,'* J. Dyckmans, 140 gs. (Vokins); *'Sidmouth,'* and *'Mountain Fort, near Genoa,'* J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 100 gs. (Lloyd). Mr. Greenwood's oil paintings included, *'The Auction,'* W. H. Knight, 140 gs. (Tooth); the small finished sketch for the same picture, 84 gs. (Flatou); *'Reading the Emigrant's Letter,'* T. Webster, R.A., size 6 in. by 6½ in. 55 gs. (Flatou); *'Comus,'* a sketch for the fresco in the Pavilion at Buckingham Palace, C. Stan-

field, R.A., 170 gs. (White); *'The Post-Office,'* F. Goodall, R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal* of 1862, 625 gs. (Chester). The whole of this collection, which contained upwards of 260 works, realised a sum over £10,250.

The sale of the pictures, drawings, and sketches in oils and water-colours, by the late David Roberts, R.A., was commenced at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Co., on the 13th of May, and continued during five succeeding days, the number of "lots" exceeding one thousand. The drawings and sketches, which may be classed together, though many of the former were finished works, realised prices varying from 10 gs. to about 90 gs. each; but some reached a higher sum than this: such were—*'Entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem,'* 121 gs. (Colnaghi); *'Entrance to the Mosque of Sultan Hassan,'* 112 gs. (White); *'Luxor,'* 203 gs. (Vokins); *'Edinburgh,'* 94 gs. (Rutley). Of the oil pictures and sketches in oil may be pointed out—*'Interior of the Coliseum,'* 100 gs. (Agnew); *'Greenwich Hospital,'* 120 gs. (Colnaghi); *'Temple Bar,'* 105 gs. (Earl); *'Houses of Parliament,'* 90 gs. (Agnew); *'Interior of a Cathedral,'* 97 gs. (Hayward); *'Church of La Spina, Pisa,'* 101 gs. (Earl); *'Interior of St. Peter's, Rome, with the Procession of Corpus Christi,'* 230 gs. (Agnew); *'Interior of St. Jacques, Antwerp,'* 390 gs. (Agnew); *'Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey,'* 144 gs. (Lloyd); *'Roalyn Chapel,'* 90 gs. (Hayward); *'St. Paul's, from Ludgate Hill,'* 255 gs. (Ballantine).

Mr. Roberts was in possession of a few paintings and drawings by his brother artists, which were sold at the same time; among them two fine examples of P. Nasmyth: one of these, *'A Cottage among Trees,'* with figures, was sold for 236 gs. (Flatou); the other, a *'Landscape,'* with figures near a pool of water, for 237 gs. (W. Cox). The total proceeds of the sale were £16,425.

The following were among a small but valuable collection of paintings belonging to Mr. Duncan Fletcher, sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., on May 20th:—*'Cottage Interior,'* with a woman at work and a child in a cradle, small, E. Frère, 220 gs. (Agnew); the companion work, also a *'Cottage Interior,'* with a mother and child, E. Frère, 204 gs. (Flatou); *'Horses and Cows at Fontainebleau,'* Rosa Bonheur, 400 gs. (Agnew); *'Interior,'* with a little girl at a cupboard, very small, E. Frère, 96 gs. (Burnett); its companion, also an *'Interior,'* with a little boy, E. Frère, 132 gs. (Colnaghi); *'Sheep Washing in Fifeshire,'* Sir D. Wilkie, 100 gs. (Agnew); *'Spanish Contrabandista crossing the Pyrenees,'* C. Stanfield, 610 gs. (Colnaghi); *'Street in Cairo,'* D. Roberts, R.A., 615 gs. (Flatou); at the sale of Mr. Bicknell's collection this picture was purchased for 505 gs.; *'Good Night,'* T. Webster, R.A., 865 gs. (Vokins), sold at Mr. Bicknell's sale for 1,160 gs.; *'The Prize Calf,'* Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1,370 gs. (Agnew), also one of Mr. Bicknell's pictures, when it was bought by Mr. Wallis for 1,800 gs.; *'The Palm Offering,'* F. Goodall, 1,360 gs. (Vokins); *'English Landscape,'* Sir W. Calcott, R.A., with cattle by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 2,000 gs. (Agnew), who gave the large sum of 2,950 gs. for it when Mr. Bicknell's pictures were sold. We stated then that the extravagant prices paid for many of the leading works could never be maintained; that those who paid such sums must inevitably be losers when the pictures came again into the market; but we scarcely expected our predictions would be so soon realised, and to the extent of so great a reduction as about 30 per cent. It is a lesson picture-buyers ought to profit by, while we are glad to recognise a more healthy and reasonable tone regulating the auction-room.

At the conclusion of the sale of Mr. Fletcher's pictures, two paintings belonging to Mr. A. T. Stewart were disposed of:—*'Philip Baptising,'* a fine and comparatively early work, J. Linnell, £892 (Agnew), and *'The Brittany Pets,'* a large and unexhibited picture by R. Ansdell, A.R.A., £493 (Cooper). Then followed two collections of paintings, of which the owners' names were

not made public; but there were many admirable specimens among them, as the appended list shows:—'Gillingham, on the Medway,' £241 (Ensom); 'Street in Cairo,' £320 (Cooper); 'Haymaking, near Gillingham,' 160 gs. (Cooper); these three are by W. Müller; 'River Scene, with figures, D. Cox, £117 (Cooper); 'It is the Lark, the Herald of the Morn,' J. Sant, A.R.A., £164 (Young); 'Joan of Arc in Prison,' C. B. Leslie, R.A., £347 (Mann); 'Reading for Honours in the Country,' C. W. Cope, R.A., £152 (Mills); 'The Young Astronomer,' E. Frère, £90 (Burnett); 'Boys Snowballing,' E. Frère, £241 (Agnew); 'Return of the Runaway, J. Clark, engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1863, £235 (Chester); 'Wood Gatherers,' E. Frère, £211 (Agnew); 'The Duenna,' H. Leys, £243 (Newton); 'Regrets,' C. De Groux, £139 (Fores); 'A Letter,' R. Carrick, 320 gs. (Fletcher); 'The Corps de Garde,' H. Leys, 380 gs. (Fletcher); 'The Toilet,' Henrietta Browne, £192 (Agnew); 'Gil Blas métamorphosé en Gentilhomme par un Tripier,' L. Ruyperes, £199 (Vokins); 'In the Bezestein Bazaar, Cairo,' J. F. Lewis, R.A., £341 (Vokins); 'Milking Time—Early Morning,' W. Linnell, £283 (Willet).

So fine a collection of water-colour drawings has not for many years been submitted to public auction as that sold by Messrs. Christie and Co., in their rooms in King Street, on May 27th. The collection, which consisted of nearly two hundred examples, belonged to a gentleman of Liverpool, who had evidently formed his gallery with great judgment, and by a liberal expenditure. The whole of the works realised very high prices, but we can notice only a few of the specimens:—'Dogberry and the Watch,' J. Gilbert, 146 gs. (Agnew); 'Bottom and the Fairies,' J. Gilbert, 136 gs. (Agnew); 'View near Port Madock, with cattle, H. B. Willis, 112 gs. (Haines); 'Landscape, with cattle, H. B. Willis, 120 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Shrine of St. Siebold, Nuremberg,' L. Haghe, 100 gs. (Mayhew); 'A Cornfield, with effect of rainbow, P. De Wint, 148 gs. (Agnew); 'Spanish Musicians,' F. W. Topham, 240 gs. (Agnew); 'A Well at Cairo,' F. Goodall, R.A., 100 gs. (Gambart); 'Milking Time,' J. Linnell, 112 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' J. Linnell, 236 gs. (Agnew); 'Sheep Shearing,' F. Tayler, 348 gs. (Agnew); 'Return from Hawking,' 450 gs. (Agnew); 'Geneva,' S. Prout, 135 gs. (Grundy, of Manchester); 'Interior,' S. Prout, 128 gs. (Mayhew); 'Interior of Rouen Cathedral,' S. Prout, 135 gs. (Agnew); 'Ulm,' S. Prout, from the Bicknell collection, 135 gs. (Agnew); 'Edinburgh, from Craig Millar Castle, D. Roberts, 120 gs. (Moore); 'Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Chapel, Holyrood, D. Roberts, 142 gs. (Moore). The drawings by Birket Foster included 'View at Hambledon,' 106 gs. (Cox); 'The Village Maiden,' 110 gs. (Vokins); 'Rottingdean, near Brighton,' 135 gs. (Moore); 'Landscape, with cows, 105 gs. (Vokins); 'Haslemere,' 100 gs. (White); 'Bobbing for Eels,' 120 gs. (Vokins); 'The Lock,' 137 gs. (Moore); 'Sunset on the Thames,' 144 gs. (Vokins); 'The Hayfield,' 241 gs. (Moore); and 'The Donkey Ride,' 400 gs. (Agnew). With the exception of the last, all the drawings by Mr. Foster were very small, yet the whole, sixteen in number, realised upwards of 2,000 gs.

Of fourteen drawings by W. Hunt, which produced nearly £2,000, the principal were:—'Blowing Bubbles,' 100 gs. (Vokins); 'The Gipsy,' 107 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and May Blossom,' 165 gs. (Agnew); 'Female Devotion,' 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Purple and White Grapes,' 160 gs. (Hutchinson); 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' 158 gs. (White); 'The Ballad Singer, from the Bicknell collection, 195 gs. (Agnew); 'White Grapes and Plums,' 260 gs. (Agnew); 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom,' 180 gs. (Agnew); 'Pineapple and other Fruit,' 195 gs. (Mayhew).

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., was represented in the collection by, among others—'View on the South Coast—Sunset,' 101 gs. (Hutchinson); 'Lake Nemi,' 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Rhodes,' engraved, 210 gs. (Agnew); 'Mountain Lake in Switzerland—Evening,' 365 gs. (Hutchinson); 'Sion, Switzerland,' 360 gs. (Agnew); 'Pass of

the Simplon,' 390 gs. (Agnew); 'Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore,' 495 gs. (Agnew).

A few other drawings worthy of special mention were 'The Old Church at Bettws-y-Coed,' D. Cox, 100 gs. (Grundy, of Manchester); 'Landscape, with figures, D. Cox, 117 gs. (Agnew); 'View off Staffa,' Copley Fielding, 160 gs. (Vokins); 'Chepstow,' Copley Fielding, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'View near Lowther,' Copley Fielding, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'Guildford,' Copley Fielding, 110 gs. (Hutchinson); and 'Interior of a Turkish Harem,' J. F. Lewis, R.A., 240 gs. (Agnew). The whole collection realised upwards of £16,000.

Messrs. Christie & Co. sold, on the 3rd of June, the collection of water-colour drawings and oil pictures that belonged to the late Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, of Holdenby. Two drawings by Turner were keenly contested: one, 'Lake Albano,' sold for 335 gs. (Grundy); the other, 'Guildford, Surrey,' for 148 gs. (Scott). The oil paintings included—'La Nanna,' F. Leighton, A.R.A., 142 gs. (Agnew); 'Venice,' E. W. Cooke, R.A., 250 gs. (Agnew); 'The Lucky Slipper,' J. E. Millais, R.A., 225 gs. (Agnew); 'Nora Creina,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 155 gs. (Ward); 'Gillingham,' W. Müller, 153 gs. (Broderip); 'The Waitress,' C. Baxter, 95 gs. (Hall); 'Rhyl, North Wales,' D. Cox, 145 gs. (Agnew); 'A Trout Stream in North Wales,' T. Creswick, R.A., with figures by J. Philip, R.A., 180 gs. (Hall); 'Landscape, with cows and sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Mendoza); 'Landscape, with farm-servant feeding horses, G. Morland, 150 gs. (Pearce). The collection sold for £4,725.

The "season" may now be considered as nearly closed, although some "sales" yet remain to be reported, and a few others are announced to "come off" before the month of June has ended; probably we shall then be enabled to bring the proceedings of the year, in this way, under review, and exhibit to our readers the general results. It will be observed that a very large majority of the works sold have been purchased by dealers; no doubt in many cases they were commissioned to buy. It will, however, be necessary to bear in mind that these dealers will require large additions to the sums they have actually paid, when finding customers for their acquisitions.

ART IN CORAL.

It is the privilege as it is the attribute of Art, that it is able to ennoble and to impart an almost priceless value to materials that intrinsically are worthless, while, on the other hand, even the most precious and the rarest substances acquire from it a worthiness before unknown by them. Common clay becomes infinitely more valuable than gold under the hands of the ceramic artist, and gold itself is taught by the goldsmith to emulate the preciousness of gems.

Coral is one of those natural substances which in themselves are eminent for exquisite beauty of their own; and it also must be grouped with such productions of prolific nature as are eminently qualified to attain to extraordinary excellence through the agency of Art. On more than one occasion we have directed the attention of our readers to the remarkable collections of coral, coral ornaments, and works of Art in coral, formed by Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street; and now, once again, the extent, variety, and truly exquisite beauty of Mr. Phillips's present coral collections claim from us fresh notice and still more emphatic expressions of admiration.

It will be remembered that the coral jewellery exhibited by Mr. Phillips at the International Exhibition of 1862 was not only selected for special commendation by foreign visitors in general, but in the reports of the French commissioners to their own government, these works in coral, exhibited by Mr. Phillips, constituted the only collection of English jewellery upon which decided commendation was bestowed. And such distinction coming from such a quarter needs no comment. That the praise of

the French commissioners was not undervalued by the exhibitor himself, is proved by the assiduity, labour, and skill which he has devoted to the sustained improvement of his coral collections; and the result of these efforts, exerted by Mr. Phillips in a department of the goldsmith's art that he has made peculiarly his own, is apparent in the decided superiority of the works that may now be seen at his establishment in Cockspur Street, over even the best of the kindred objects he exhibited in the late exhibition structure at Brompton.

Works of Art in coral are not easily described—not easy to be described in such words as will convey an adequate and correct idea of their merit and their beauty. They require to be seen in order to be understood, and consequently to be appreciated. The delicacy and beauty of their tints, the rich gracefulness of their texture, their faculty of forming infinitely varied combinations, the felicity with which they may be grouped with goldsmith's work in the precious metals, and the sharp, yet tender firmness of their carved and sculptured forms—these all are qualities to be estimated by the eye alone. In place, therefore, of any attempts at elaborate description, we prefer to suggest visits to the collections themselves, which will be found to be as varied in their contents as in their capacity as works of the goldsmith's art they are worthy of all praise. It will be understood that every conceivable variety of ornament has been produced in abundance by Mr. Phillips in this beautiful substance; and also that on particular works in coral there has been lavished the concentration of the powers of the most skilful, laborious, and accomplished of artists and artist-workmen. We shall not specify any particular examples; but we advise a personal examination of all—from the simple unwrought fragment of pure coral, in its natural forms, and from the strings of beads, to the most elaborately carved cameos and bunches of flowers and foliage, and the figures that are sculptured so boldly, and finished with such masterly taste.

Whether this coral is in its nature identical with the coral of the great reefs of the Pacific—those wondrous ever-growing sea-walls that rise as if self-reared from out of the depths of ocean—is a matter that it is not our present purpose to discuss. This identity is generally accepted as a matter of course—the coral of the Bay of Naples and of the Sardinian waters of the Mediterranean, and the coral of the open ocean in the farthest West, is all "coral." But there is, nevertheless, more than a slight structural difference between the coral which grows under Mr. Phillips's teaching, into beads, and bracelets, and brooches, and tiaras, and even statuettes, and the reef-growth that advances steadily in the face of the perpetual lashing of ocean-breakers that know no rest. The reef-coral, certainly, is formed by myriads of coral-insects. Did not the Art-coral once sprout as a plant? Mr. Phillips can show some curious and suggestive specimens, that have a strange sectional as well as a decided ramifying resemblance to small branches of trees or shrubs.

The English collections of works of Art and coral, of which we have now been speaking, are second to none, either in Italy or elsewhere, in extent, excellence, or value. Some idea of the last-named quality of these works in coral may be formed, when we add that the intrinsic value of the finest varieties of Neapolitan gem-coral is more than five times that of pure gold. This general statement may be illustrated by a particular example; we select, as such an example, a necklace that may now be seen at Cockspur Street; it consists of thirty-two coral beads, graduated in size, perfect in form, and of exquisite delicacy in their tint and tone of colour, and its value is one thousand guineas. This enables us to understand how it was that one of the most powerful and wealthy of the nobles of mediæval England, in the curious and instructive inventory (Inventory of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, time of Edward II.) of his property which has come down to us, should have grouped his rosary of coral with the most precious of his personal possessions.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

MUNICH.—The *Claude Lorraine Festival*.—Commemorative festivals in Germany are essentially different from anything of the sort with us. The appliances are often of the simplest sort, but in some or other they are managed so as to be always picturesque; and as to the social festivities which follow, there is never a lack of gaiety, good humour, and good fellowship. As may be supposed, the artists' festivals are the most successful, and none are more so than those which from time to time take place at Munich. King Louis has had a simple monument erected at Harlaching, near Munich, in honour of Claude Lorraine, who there passed some time; and it was to inaugurate this that the artists and their friends went out on the 3rd of June to hold a sort of rural festival. All the artists met near the city at 10 o'clock, and with their banners and music marched in procession to Harlaching. (In Germany, be it known, no ceremony is complete without a procession.) Several choruses of Mendelssohn were sung in front of the monument; the banners were then all lowered, and the covering which before had hidden it fell to the ground. The painter Teichlein made a speech, and this part of the ceremony was over. The monument is very simple—almost like an upright gravestone—standing in a bed of flowers. On it is a portrait of Claude, and the inscription announces that the painter often sojourned here, in remembrance of which King Louis I. of Bavaria had this stone erected. The gay groups then all repaired to a neighbouring grove. At the borders, a park-keeper approaches, and forbidding them to enter, warns them off. Such a proceeding is so unusual in Germany, that all stand speechless, at a loss what to do. Suddenly the Spirit of the Woods appears, surrounded by gnomes, beckons to the keeper to retire, saying that the artists have always free entrance to such haunts, and bids them welcome. But a large wild boar, rushing from the thicket, with a red wood demon on his back, tries to keep the new comers back. The kinder spirit sends his lance at the monster, and then hurls the figure (of straw) amid the laughing spectators. And now all go on to the middle of the wood, where a circular spot had been marked out, and surrounded as in olden times, when the "Noble Arte of Venerie" was in its prime, with hunting nets and trophies. Here, on the magnificent beeches, were hung shields, and coats-of-arms, and banners; and among the trees were booths, &c., and a lottery, where the prettiest prizes were won. There was, too, a vast aquarium, whose top reached high above the heads of the spectators; and above its sides large tufts of water plants rose. If you hooked a ticket, as bait (these tickets were all fishes' tails), on to your line, and flung it into the aquarium, you drew out your prize—sometimes a large photograph came up as such, to the no small amusement of those gazing on. But before this was a pretty representation. In a theatre was a village scene: peasants were building up a snow man, near a grotto covered with icicles; and other games gave sign of winter. Suddenly, Carnival appears, and all dance and rejoice; but Lent arrives, and would fain stop the mirth. He nearly succeeds, when Spring appears in a car decked with flowers, and drawn by four snow-white horses with golden manes. The god was represented by a beautiful young girl, who welcomed the assembly to the woods and glades. All rejoice: the icicles fall from the grotto, and Spring moves on, followed by a mighty train, for all join the throng following his pleasant steps. And they go farther, where are heaps of flowers, and where sit the impersonation of those wild plants used in making the well-known "Mai Wein." And King Louis came, and to him was handed the first glass of the delicious beverage, with wood-ruff and other flowers swimming on the surface. Then there was dancing, and everywhere in the shade and on the grass the pleased groups were resting, or singing, and the whole was as pretty a scene as one could meet with anywhere.

PARIS.—At the sale, in May last, of the collection of pictures belonging to Baron B. de

Grootelinsdt, the following reached the prices attached to them:—'A Public Square,' Van Heyden, £2,480; 'Interior,' Paul de Hoogh, £2,000; 'Cattle and Shepherds,' Paul Potter, £1,760; 'A Seaport,' Van der Velde, £1,520; 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' Hals, £1,400; 'Sea View,' Van der Velde, £600; another 'Sea View,' by the same, £1,280; 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, £1,040; 'Portrait of a Man,' Rembrandt, £1,040; 'Interior,' Jan Steen, £880; 'The Watch-dog,' G. Daw, £880.—At the sale of the Duke de Morny's gallery, in the beginning of June, the following pictures were among the principal works disposed of:—'The Organ Player,' Chardin, £284; 'Sea Piece,' Cuyp, £480; 'Portrait of an Old Woman,' Damer, £140; 'The Surgeon,' G. Daw, £320; 'Boy playing with a Cat,' Drouais, £804; 'A Water Mill,' Everdingen, £272; 'A Young Lady Swinging,' Fragonard, £1,208; 'A Child winding a Ball of Cotton,' Greuze, £3,660; 'The Disconsolate Widow,' Greuze, £324; 'The Windmills,' Hobbima, £3,240; 'The Card Party,' P. de Hooge, £508; 'Visit to a Lady,' Metsu, £2,000; 'St. Anthony of Padua,' Murillo, £520; 'Landscape, with Cattle,' Omme-ganck, £400; 'A Rustic Fair,' Ostade, £280; 'Rustic Amusements,' Pater, £1,160; 'Innocence,' Prudhon, £272; 'The Torrent,' Ruysdael, £500; 'Landscape,' Salvator Rosa, £160; 'Signing the Marriage Contract,' Jan Steen, £200; 'Interior of a Guard-house,' D. Teniers, £284; 'The Visit,' Terburg, £1,640; 'Congress of Munster,' Terburg, £1,000; 'Portrait of an Infanta of Spain,' Velasquez, £2,040; 'Portrait,' Rembrandt, £6,200; 'Sea Piece,' Van der Velde, £1,400; 'Meeting of Sportsmen,' Watteau, £1,240; 'A Dutch Fair,' Wouvermans, £1,420; 'Landscape,' Wynants, £168; 'The Rising Sun,' Claude, £226; 'Portrait of a Lady,' Greuze, £244; 'Portrait of a Young Girl,' Greuze, £280; 'Maria Theresa of Austria,' Velasquez, £248; 'Conception of the Virgin,' Murillo, £264; 'A Peasant Girl,' Chardin, £332; 'Cupid and Psyche,' Prudhon, £380; 'The Shopkeeper,' Ostade, £348; 'Landscape,' Van der Velde, £400; 'The Wineshop,' P. de Hooge, £400; 'A Scene in Flanders,' Teniers, £400; 'A Country Scene,' Watteau, £600; 'The Church of S. Maria della Salute, Venice,' Guardi, £720; 'The Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,' Guardi, £800; 'The Doge's Palace, Venice,' Guardi, £800; 'The Rialto, Venice,' Guardi, £1,000; 'St. Mark's, Venice,' Guardi, £204; 'Cupid and the Graces,' Boucher, £760; 'A Cattle Market,' K. Dujardin, £1,000; 'The Stable,' Wouvermans, £1,004; 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, £1,204; 'The Souvenir,' Fragonard, £1,400; 'The Pleasures of the Ball,' Watteau, £1,480; 'A Lady with a Dog,' Metsu, £2,360; 'Hercules and Omphale,' Rubens, £140; 'Portrait of a Woman,' Van der Helst, £168; 'Dutch Scene,' Ostade, £180; 'The Sleeping Musician,' Mieris, £226; 'A Head,' Greuze, £232; 'Landscape,' with animals, P. Potter, £240; 'Landscape,' with ruins, Ruysdael, £272; 'Lady with a Fan,' Watteau, £306; 'The Promenade,' Beilly, £308; 'Coast Scene,' Van der Velde, £340; 'The Rape of Europa,' Rembrandt, £364; 'A Dutch Town,' Van der Heyden, £408; 'A Vestal,' Greuze, £492; 'Duck-Shooting,' Wouvermans, £560; 'The Pastry-Cook,' Metsu, £770. The whole amount realised by the sale, which consisted of 128 pictures, was £67,472.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

LINCOLN.—Judging from the examinations made both this year and last, the pupils of the Lincoln School of Art are greatly distinguishing themselves. At the examination which recently took place, no fewer than twenty-six medals were awarded them—thirty being the largest number allowed at any time to one school—and seven "honourable mentions." Fourteen of the works that gained the higher prize were to be sent to London for the national competition. Nineteen prizes were also obtained for drawings done within a limited time in presence of the inspector, and the works of twenty-eight other

students were marked "good." The result is altogether even more favourable than that of the examination in 1864, which was considered far above the average of the schools of Art.

OXFORD.—Mr. Macdonald, of the South Kensington Museum, has been appointed master of the newly-formed School of Art in this city.

REIGATE.—Among the many indications of the daily increasing tone of Art now evinced in all social ranks, may be instanced the formation of "The Holmesdale Fine Art Club" (under the presidency of Mr. Wilson Saunders), having for its object the diffusion of a taste for Art, and the cultivation of acquaintance between the artists and Art-lovers of the locality: the club consisting of resident and non-resident members, among which latter class are many names of metropolitan repute. Holmesdale, as is well known, is the name of the district of which Reigate is the centre, and where the exhibitions and *soirées* of the club are held, the first of which was given on Thursday, the 11th ult., at the public hall. Profusely decorated with choice flowers and plants, liberally placed at the disposal of the committee by the owners of neighbouring conservatories, a very interesting collection of valuable works (the contributions of members) was presented; and when we say that a grand 'Sunset from Leith Hill,' by Linnell, a large work by E. W. Cooke, R.A., a recent subject by C. Baxter, specimens of Patrick Nasmyth, and portfolios of drawings by W. Hunt, Robson, Hills, Philip, Davidson, Cattermole, &c., formed but a small part of the productions exhibited, some idea of the character of the display may be formed. How far the project met the appreciative response of the residents may be inferred from the fact that, although the *soirée* was numerously attended, upwards of 1,100 persons eagerly visited the exhibition the next day, when it was thrown open to public inspection.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Nine medals have been awarded this year to the pupils of the Southampton School of Art—of which two were gained by Miss Louisa Blake—and three of the students received "honourable mention." This result is not so satisfactory as the examination of last year proved.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

The following works have been already selected by prize-holders:—

From the Royal Academy.—'Lochaber no more,' W. H. Pater, 100s.; 'Mother and Child,' J. Collinson, 75s.; 'Summer,' A. W. Williams, 40s.; 'River Scene—Sunset,' W. Ascroft, 40s.; 'The Glyddys,' from Lynn Gwyant, C. Marshall, 30s. 15s.; 'Cottage, Old Charlton, Kent,' J. Price, 20s.; 'Arran Hills, from Bute,' J. Adam, 25s.; 'Group of Beeches, Knowle Park, B. Butler, 25s.; 'Cornfields near the Coast, S. R. Percy, 20s.

From the British Institution.—'Dunart, Scotland, East Coast,' J. Danby, 100s.; 'The Town and Vale of Festing,' E. J. Niemann, 75s.; 'Scene on the River Clyde, Stonebyres,' J. Gill, 65s.; 'Suleman, H. W. Phillips, 52s. 10s.; 'Fall on the Clyde, Stonebyres,' E. Gill, 25s.; 'A Calm, C. Dommerston, 21s.; 'Walton Bridges, on the Thames, W. E. Bates, 20s.; 'Horses and Poultry,' J. F. Herring, 20s.

From the Society of British Artists.—'The Thorn,' E. J. Cobbett, 150s.; 'An Old French Fishing Town,' J. J. Wilson, 75s.; 'Tower in Chepstow Castle,' J. Tennant, 60s.; 'At Capel Curig, North Wales,' J. Hensell, 55s.; 'Warping out, fresh breeze,' J. J. Wilson, 40s.; 'The Princess Elizabeth in Captivity at Hatfield, 1558,' J. Noble, 40s.; 'Near Warring Lane, Surrey,' J. E. Meadows, 40s.; 'Blackdown, Surrey,' C. Smith, 32s.; 'Near Godalming, Surrey,' G. Cole, 31s. 10s.; 'Welsh Peasant Children,' T. F. Marshall, 30s.; 'On the Hills by Moonlight,' A. Gilbert, 30s.; 'Little Seng Oak Farm, Leicestershire,' E. L. Meadows, 30s.; 'Morning, Noon, and Night,' W. S. Rose, 30s.; 'Going to Market,' J. Noble, 25s.; 'An English River Scene,' E. L. Meadows, 25s.; 'An Old Weir on the Thames,' H. J. Boddington, 25s.; 'Magpie Art, on the Thames,' H. J. Boddington, 25s.; 'The Enthusiast,' W. Weir (late), 20s.; 'Woodman's Cottage,' J. E. Ladbrooke, 20s.; 'Betws-y-Coed,' J. J. Carmock, 20s.; 'On the St. German's, Cornwall,' W. Pitt, 20s.; 'In the Lisle Valley, scene after rain,' H. J. Boddington, 20s.

From the Royal Scottish Academy.—'Morning Light on Benmore, James Docherty, 24s.

From the Water-Colour Society.—'The Sea-saw,' W. Goodall, 42s.; 'Ulleswater, from near Pooley Bridge,' D. Cox, 31s. 10s.

From the Institute of Painters in Water Colour.—'Tombs of the Mamelocks, &c., C. Vacher, 100s.; 'Flushing—Provision Boats returning from Wind-bound Vessels,' T. S. Robins, 35s.; 'Bridge at Bovey Tracy, S. Devon,' H. C. Pidgeon, 25s.; 'The Stream at Bradgate,' J. W. Whymper, 25s.; 'Ruins at Bradgate,' J. W. Whymper, 21s.; 'The Mountain Hill, D. H. M. Kewan, 17s. 17s.; 'On the Wharfe, Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, D. H. M. Kewan, 17s. 17s.

THE COLLECTION OF MINIATURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

At any period this exhibition had been well timed, but at present it is peculiarly grateful to eyes wearied with the utter veracity—the "justice without mercy"—of photography. Here we read the history of an art that has been temporarily superseded by the advance of chemical discovery. The catalogue numbers more than three thousand works, and comprehends examples of every painter who had any reputation for painting "in little."

It is a source of regret to the student that a chronological arrangement could not be effected in the hanging of these miniatures; but it is obvious at a glance that they could not be separated and distributed, having been sent in groups, perhaps subject to the condition that they should not be parted. The collection shows minute portrait painting, from its infancy to the splendours of its prime, on every substance that has ever been employed as a surface for face painting—card, paper, vellum, copper, ivory, wood, porcelain, marble, and perhaps other materials which we may have overlooked. The miniatures in water colour generally up to the time of Charles I., are remarkable for their paleness, a defect that we should at once attribute to the fugitive nature of the colours; and which, to some extent, would be true. But there is another cause for the manner of face-painting which obtained in the sixteenth century, and this was an imitation of the works of one or two foreign artists whose names do not survive in connection with their performances, wherein the shades and markings are insufficient to round the features. It was in a great measure female portraiture that was studied in this way. Holbein was chiefly a painter of men, for he took his own way, and insisted on painting what he saw, and his versions of complexion, how true soever, were not pleasing to ladies. To Queen Elizabeth has been ascribed the taste (as it was considered) of having originated the pale miniature; but the idea was taken from certain of the flat and feeble oil portraits of her time. On looking for the works of Nicholas Hilliard, Isaac Oliver, Hoskins, Samuel Cooper, and contemporaries, of Jean Petitot, and their successors, we find the very best examples of their labours, productions which at once account for the high reputation which these men enjoyed. We see, from time to time, collections of precious miniatures, which may convey either exaggerated or imperfect impressions of the powers of the artists, but there has been no occasion like the present which has furnished such ample opportunities of comparing these still famous painters with each other, in relation to the state of their art at the time that they lived. Were the exhibition considered only as a collection of the portraits of eminent persons, no similar assemblage could be made more complete, as there is scarcely a personage of any distinction, from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present day, that is not there signalled. A few of these miniatures we instance, selected for qualities distinguishing particular periods. By Nicholas Hilliard there are in one case two very brilliant portraits (308, 309), one of Queen Elizabeth, and the other of Mrs. Holland, one of her Maids of Honour—clear and bright, without shade, and having the eyes well defined, a method employed by Lawrence in his drawings on vellum. These are grouped with some others—all very beautiful. (313) Francis the First (oil), by Clouet; the Earl of Pembroke, by S. Cooper;

Queen Mary (Tudor), A. More; Nicholas Harbon, N. Hilliard; Henry VIII. (oil), by an unknown hand; Portrait of a Gentleman of the time of Elizabeth (2976); the Duke of Palliano (2855), on a circular copper plaque, very minute; Head of a Monk (2862); The Daughter of Philip the Second (391), on vellum, &c. Of the multitude that date from the middle of the sixteenth century, until the practice of Vandyke began to be felt, the few examples instanced above may be taken as showing every variety and degree of excellence that prevailed during that interval. On a few of the best portraits of Holbein a school might have been formed, but these charming works left no effective impression on English Art; but it is even more surprising that the affectations of Kneller and Lely should have been imitated, and the teaching of Vandyke ignored, at a time when English painting had so much need of good models. Yet, reverting to the miniatures of those artists in whose productions are found the flashes of genius that lighted their followers on the path to that excellence in the Art which never can be surpassed, we find brilliantly represented Mrs. Beale, Ed. Dayes, Cosway, Boyle, Richard Collins, Edridge, Engleheart, Shelley, Forster, Hurter, Grimaldi, Hone, Ozias Humphrey, Andrew Robertson, Zincke, Denning, Bone, &c., and these artists, as to their time and works, may be said to have been the masters of our all but extinct school of miniature art. Cosway, Shelley, and Collins were the artists who towards the end of the last century all but monopolised the patronage of the fashionable society of their time. The miniatures of Cosway abundantly justified his popularity: for the life, movement, delicacy, and expression of his works have never been excelled, and many of those of his contemporaries are lovely. The costume of the middle of the last century and that towards its close, have been called hideous by portraitists of our own time; but it is called picturesque, and adopted accordingly, by some of the most eminent subject-painters of these days; and as they present it to us, we feel it to be so. We contemplate these treasures with conflicting emotions, as they present themselves with associations of history, romance, or simple anecdote; for everybody is here with every shade of reputation, from renown down to notoriety, and even lower. Here are the painters' versions of all that has ever been lovely in woman and noble in man, with some of whom the visitor may be disappointed, as it may seem to him that here and there the artist has been unequal to his subject, or tradition has been too partial. But with all the beauty of even the best works of the last century, there is nothing that matches the fascinating colour, and the surpassing effulgence of the productions of living and lately deceased miniaturists. We cannot particularise where all are so beautiful, but the perfection of the Art is set forth in the paintings of Sir W. Ross, Thorburn, Sir W. Newton, Carrick, Wells, Moira, with a list of others too long to be given here. We see also every "style" of drawing in its utmost perfection—the exquisite vellum studies of Lawrence, the singularly facile sketches of Chalon, the round and earnest drawings of Richmond, R. J. Lane, and of those of a catalogue of works of others who were followers of the stars of their day. This collection, indeed, presents an opportunity unique in the history of Art of perfecting our knowledge of miniature painting which attained from ordinary opportunities is comparatively very limited.

BATTLE ABBEY,

THE SPOT WHERE HAROLD FELL.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Painter. W. B. Cooke, Engraver.

THIS engraving is from a water-colour drawing by Turner; it is one of a series made by him, about the year 1824, to illustrate the scenery of Sussex. The treatment of the subject is of the most simple kind: the picture appears to be a literal transcript of the place as it existed forty years ago, no attempt having been made to give the landscape any of those incidental features in which the poetical imagination of the artist indulged in his later practice. The two fir-trees in the centre might, or might not, have been standing there when he sketched the subject; if they were, nothing could have been more opportune; if they were not, Turner showed a right perception of the picturesque by introducing them. Obliterate that group from the landscape, and it loses half its beauty; for, independent of the truth and gracefulness of form given to the trees, they are the connecting link which brings the two sides of the composition together, and are most valuable auxiliaries to the expression of power; they are, in fact, the *point* of the pictures, to which all else is subordinate.

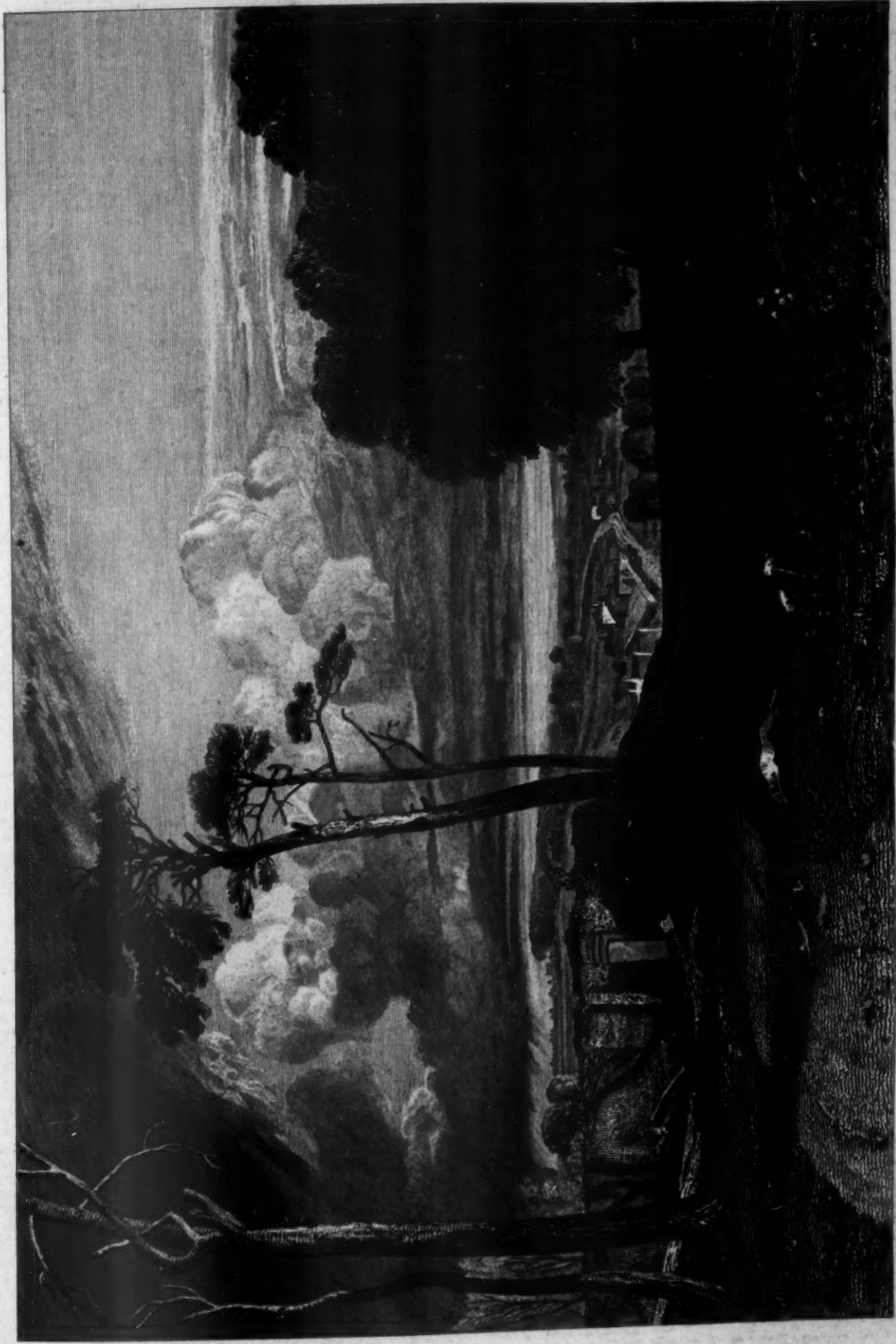
Through the length and breadth of our island home there is surely no place which an Englishman can visit more interesting than Battle Abbey, "the spot where Harold fell."

"Long, wild, and bloody was the day,
The moon had shot its purple ray
On Harold's helm of gold;
The noon had seen it red with gore,
At eve it lay on Hastings' shore,
In dust and slaughter rolled.

"Night fell: yet still the trumpet rang,
Still rose the axe and armour's clang,
Still twang'd the British bow;
Still did their bands unbroken keep,
The march by hill and forest deep,
Like lions, stern and slow.

"Beneath the torch and cresset's flame,
Heavy and spent the Norman came
From that scarce conquered field;
And came his haughty chivalry,
With weary limb, and drooping eye,
And shatter'd helm and shield."

In the year immediately following that in which the engagement was fought, that is, in 1067, the Norman victor commenced to build the abbey, after changing the name of the place from Epton to Battle; the high altar of the church is supposed to have stood on the exact spot where Harold was slain. Old chroniclers tell us that when the edifice was completed, William made an offering of his sword and coronation robes at the altar, in which was also deposited the famous "Battle Roll," as it is termed, a document bearing the names of all the principal Normans who accompanied the Conqueror to England. To trace back a descent from this roll has for centuries been the boast of our great aristocratic families, but modern antiquarians are of opinion—one held by Dugdale—that the list was often falsified and altered by the monks, at the instigation of persons whose ambition it was to be considered of Norman blood. In the reign of Edward III., the then abbot obtained leave to fortify the abbey; little, if any, of the original structure now remains, however; for the general style of the existing ruins proves, in the judgment of archaeologists, that the greater part of the edifice must have been rebuilt in the earlier part of the fifteenth century. The ground on which the abbey and the buildings connected with it stood is computed to have been one mile in circuit.



ENGRAVED BY W. J. COOKE.

BATTLE ABBEY.
THE SPOT WHERE HAROLD FELL.

DRAWN BY L. M. WILKES, R.A.



MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:
A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT
MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.



IN the year 1822, I first knew Sydney, Lady Morgan. I saw her sitting in "the little red room" in Kildare Street, by courtesy called a boudoir; and although the "Wild Irish Girl" was even then a woman of "a certain age," she had much of that natural vivacity, aptness for repartee, and point in conversation (often better than wit), that made her the oracle and idol of "a set" in the Irish Metropolis, where others—not a few—feared and hated her; for her political bias was strong, and her antipathies, strong also, were seldom withstood or withheld.

She was never handsome, even in youth; small in person, and slightly deformed, there was about her much of ease and self-

possession, but nothing of grace; yet she was remarkable for that peculiar something—for which we have no English word, but which the French express by "*je ne sais quoi*"—which in women often attracts and fascinates more than mere personal beauty.

Although it was said of Lady Morgan that she was a vain woman, had always coveted the distinction of seeing the visiting-cards of lords and titled ladies in her card-stand, and liked when she paid visits to borrow a carriage with a coronet, to receive as many as might be of stars actual at her "evenings," to exhibit on her chimney-piece the gifts of people whom heritage rather than genius had made great, and was, in short, a woman of the world, she had—like all women of decided character, and energetic temperament—her kindly sympathies and her considerate generosity.

*I very much of see me
then & as soon as you
can I believe me
always
Mrs truly & respectfully
Yours Sydney Morgan*

ties, was a very lovable person to those she loved, and a true friend to those in whom she took interest.

* No 33. She put up a portico, which still marks the house in the now somewhat gloomy and unfashionable street. That house I have engraved.

Her collected letters, interspersed with meagre bits of memoir, were published soon after her death by her literary executor, Hepworth Dixon, and under the editorship of Geraldine Jewsbury. We cannot doubt that judicious discrimination was exercised

in the selection. According to that authority the diaries from her own hand were "copious," and she kept every letter she had received, from the epistles of field-marshal to the billets of a washerwoman. In a word, she contemplated and arranged for this memoir, and prepared it accordingly, with as much system and order as she settled her toilet and her drawing-room for a "reception"—to make the best of herself and her belongings; commencing with the day of her birth, when all the wits of Dublin were assembled—of whom she gives a biographical list—and ending with her last drive in a friend's carriage.

During many years she kept a journal. Of its utter barrenness an idea may be formed from those portions of it which her biographer has published, and from the fact that from one whole year's record he has printed but six lines, no doubt the only portion that was worth preserving. Her autobiography is indeed—as were her rooms—an assemblage of a mass of things, no one of which was of much value; but which, when taken together, were curious, interesting, and instructive.

"No subtlety of inquiry could entrap Lady Morgan into any admission about her age." The dates of all old letters were carefully erased. "I enter my protest against DATES," she writes. "What has a woman to do with dates? cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates! I mean to have none of them." It is, however, understood that Sydney Owenson was born in 1777; and it is said by one of her biographers, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick (who does not give his authority), that "her birth occurred on ship-board." She is, at best, but half Irish, for her mother was an Englishwoman. She herself tells us she was born on Christmas Day, in "ancient old Dublin." Her father was Robert Owenson—according to his daughter, "as fine a type of an Irish gentleman as Ireland ever sent forth." He was an actor, and manager of theatres in Dublin. During one of his professional tours in England, he met at Shrewsbury an English lady, Miss Hill (with whom he "ran off"), the daughter of a wealthy gentleman. She was never forgiven. She was not young, but a very serious and sensible woman; unlike her husband in everything. Of that marriage the issue was Sydney, subsequently married to Sir Charles Morgan, and Olivia, her younger sister by many years, who became the wife of another knight, Sir Arthur Clarke. It is not improbable that his little precocious daughter acted occasionally under his auspices in provincial towns. But she never played in Dublin; and it is certain that her father early resolved, as far as possible, to keep his daughters from the stage; yet what an admirable actress Lady Morgan would have been, had that been her destiny!

Early in life, however, she sought independence. She was fond of saying that she had provided for herself from the time she was fourteen years old; and she had so wise and self-preserving a horror of debt, that she either paid ready money for what she wanted, or did without it. Much of her after prosperity can be traced to that resolution—one which it must have required wonderful firmness to have held to, considering her natural love of display, and her always expensive "surroundings." She became a governess, and discharged the duties of that office in two families, until her writings became remunerative. Her father kept "his girls" at an "eminent boarding-school." He did his best for them; and they largely repaid him by affectionate care and duty till he died, in

May, 1812, having enjoyed the luxury of calling each of his daughters "my lady."

Her younger days were passed amid perplexing, harassing, indeed terrible, trials, under which a loftier nature might have fallen. She touches on them, though rarely, "seeing a father frequently torn to prison, a mother on the point of beggary with her children," and so forth.

From her earliest girlhood, up to the very eve of her marriage, she had her perpetual flirtations; but there her love affairs began and ended. Some of her sage friends opined that she "flirted more than was right," and it is probable she occasionally stood so near the fire as slightly to singe her white garments. Still she was ever "safe:" like her countrywomen generally—I would almost say universally—realising the portrait of the poet Moore, of—

"—The wild sweet briary fence
That round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels."

The seemingly light and frivolous, and really fascinating girl—fascinating both as girl and woman—escaped the only slander that surely slays. Moreover, she had at no period of her life any sustaining power from that which supports in difficulties and upholds in danger—RELIGION; and she was continually in society, where, without a protector, she might have seemed an easy victim.*

Her literary career began early, yet not so early as she liked to make it appear. Her abilities were gifts of nature. "All," she writes, "that literary counsel, acquirement, and instruction gave to literary composition was, in my early career of authorship, utterly denied me."

In 1801, her first book was published in Dublin, and afterwards in London, by Sir Richard Phillips; † thenceforward she continued working for more than half a century, having written and published, from the commencement to the close of her career, upwards of seventy volumes.

In 1812 she married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D. He had received knighthood at the hands of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant, by request of the Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, the then friends of Sydney Owenson, who were resolved that their "pet" should have a title. Both events came off at their seat, Baron's Court—there the doctor was knighted; there the two were made one. Contrary to prophecies of friends and to general expectation, they were a happy couple. Sir Charles had personal advantages, and he was a man of strong mind, yet, happily, a devoted believer in his wife, while she had large respect for him—his sound common sense and her erratic nature harmonised. He was a Doctor of Medicine, the friend and correspondent of Jenner. Though younger by five or six years than Miss Owenson, he was not young when he, a widower and an Englishman, born in London in 1783, wooed, and won the Wild Irish Girl. He was tall, handsome, of very gentlemanly address, respectably born and connected; with some independent property, and madly in love with the fascinating "Glorvina." She was not so desperately smitten with him: "A little *diablerie* would make me wild in love with him," she writes. He was too quiet; in a word, too English. Nevertheless, he became a thorough Irishman—

* Writing of herself in 1811, she says, "Inconsiderate and indiscreet; never saved by prudence, but often rescued by pride; often on the verge of error, but never passing the line."

† At that period, and long afterwards, the law of copyright operated in the two islands much as it now does between Great Britain and the United States of America.

"more Irish than the Irish," like the old Anglo-Norman settlers; took the liberal side in politics; and was a sturdy fighter for Catholic emancipation. He was, in all senses of the word, a gentleman—"a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation." In August, 1844, he died. His death was a heavy loss to Lady Morgan; for she loved him, confided in him, and felt for him entire respect. And he was worthy of it; for there had been neither envy of her fame, nor jealousy of the admiration she excited, where a lower nature might have felt both.

In the spring of 1837 Lord Melbourne granted to Lady Morgan a pension of £300 a year, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters." She had saved a sum by no means inconsiderable. Sir Charles had an income of his own; and being "independent," she resolved upon leaving Ireland and settling

in England—in a word, to become "an absentee," a class she had unequivocally condemned when she saw little chance of being of it; and although she afterwards wrote a sort of apology for the step—publishing, indeed, a book on the subject, arguing "that English misgovernment and misrule made Ireland uninhabitable;" that it was "the English government and not the natives of the country who were to blame," and so forth—she failed to convince her country or herself of the righteousness of her removal. Probably her attractions "at home" had grown less; many of her old friends had departed, some to England, others to the better land.

It is clear that, so early as 1812, she had wearied of the Irish capital, which she described as "in summer, a desert inhabited only by loathsome beggars." In 1833 she writes, "the Irish destiny is between Bedlam and a jail." "Dear dirty Dublin,"



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, KILDARE STREET, DUBLIN.

gradually became "odious Dublin." In 1835 she talked of "wretched Dublin, the capital of wretched Ireland." In 1837 she wrote

"Oh, Ireland, to you
I have long bade a last and a painful adieu!"

And so having "freighted a small vessel" with their household gods, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan became permanent residents in London, taking, after a brief "looking about," what she terms a "maisonnette," No. 11, William Street, Knightsbridge, entering into possession on the 17th of January, 1838, and there continuing to her death, never again visiting Ireland. Naturally, perhaps, her popularity had there dwindled to nothing.*

* We once encountered an ultra Irishman, who told us he was going to Lady Morgan's "to blow her up for deserting her country and turning her back on the liberator." He went, and was so fascinated by the ready smile and few words of tenderness she gave to the memory of "dear

In London she aimed to be the centre of a circle—artistic, literary, scientific, aristocratic; giving large parties as well as small; sometimes crowding into two rooms of very limited size a hundred guests—persons of all ranks, patricians and plebeians. Certainly, the arrangement of her rooms was most effective; the lights and shadows were in their right places, the seats were comfortable, the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either peculiar or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but the toys were histories. Her society—often so conflicting, composed of elements

old Dublin"—her inimitable tact of turning disadvantages into advantages, and foes into friends—that he assured us the next day, "the people of Ireland mistook that charming Lady Morgan altogether; that her heart, every morsel of it, was in Ireland; she lived in England only to protect her countrymen and prevent their being imposed on."

that never could socially mingle—she managed with admirable tact, sometimes no easy task, for there were the Russian and the Pole; the “black Orangeman” and the “bitter Papist;” the proud aristocrat and the small fry of letters; in a word, people who were compelled to rub against each other; whose positions, opinions, and interests were not only at variance, but in entire and utter hostility.*

As I have said, she continued to reside in William Street after she became a widow, and during the remainder of her life. At length, however, the foe she most dreaded—old age—gradually drew nearer and nearer. Towards the end of 1852, her letters and diary record the losses of old friends. One after another departed, and she was left almost alone with old memories: they were warnings to set her house in order; but they were not solemn enough to impress her with any feeling akin to continuous grief, or to create dread of the “enemy.” To the last, she was

toujours gaie: new friends came to replace the old; some one “worth seeing” was sure to be at her “reception,” and the bait of an invitation was too tempting to be resisted notwithstanding the sure pressure of a mingled crowd.

The death of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, in 1857, did alarm her; and toward the close of 1858, it became obvious to her friends—suspicious to herself—that her work on earth was done. Her beloved sister, Olivia, Lady Clarke, her oldest friend and earliest companion, with whom she had struggled through a precarious youth, had died some years before (1845). On her birthday, 1858, Lady Morgan had a dinner-party, told stories, and sung a comic song. On the 17th of March, 1859, she had a musical party, at which we were present; a gay and crowded party it was—full of what she ever liked to see, celebrities or notoriety—and on the 16th of April, 1859, she died. She was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, where a tomb, executed by Mr. Sherrard

more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes, she glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet, or solid band of gold; her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody.” “Notwithstanding her natural defects, she made a picturesque appearance.” Another writer, alluding to the “unevenness” of her eyes, says “they were, however, large, lustrous, and electrical.” Prince Puckler Muskau (who published a tour in Ireland in 1828) describes her as “a little, frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes.”

This is Mrs. Hall's portrait of Lady Morgan at a later year of her life:—

“Lady Morgan's person was so well-known to the *habitués* of London—at all events, to the classes that belong to the fashionable and literary—that any description for them may be, as she would have said, ‘*de trop*’; but thousands have been at one time or other of their lives interested in her works, and the sort of flying reputation she had for saying and doing odd, but clever things, and the marvellous tact which comprised so much of her talent, or the talent whose greatest society-power was tact. To those we say that Lady Morgan was small and slightly deformed; that her head was large, round, and well-formed; her features full of expression, particularly the expression that accompanies ‘humour,’ dimpling, as it does, round the mouth, and sparkling in the eyes. The natural intonations of her voice in conversation were singularly pleasing—so pleasing as to render her ‘nothings’ pleasant; and whatever affectation hovered about her large green fan, or was seen in the ‘way she had’ of folding her draperies round her, and looking out of them with true Irish *espieglerie*, the tones of that voice were to the last full of feeling.”

Portraits of her were, of course, often painted, more frequently in France than in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence pictured her, but expressed a wish that, if engraved, his name should not go with it (!). David d'Angers sculptured her bust. The portrait that stands at the head of this memory is from a photograph taken not very long before her death; but subsequently “worked upon.” It is engraved from the copy she gave us. In 1824 the poet, Samuel Lover, then a miniature painter in Dublin, painted a portrait of her. It was to have been engraved by Meyer; “but,” says Lady Morgan's biographer, “between the painter and the engraver, the result was such unmitigated ugliness, that Colburn would not let it appear.”

Few writers have aroused more hostility, or have been more thoroughly abused. Her grand enemy was her countryman, John Wilson Croker. It was he who assailed her in the *Quarterly Review*, accusing her, either indirectly or directly, of “licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism.” She had her revenge—her character of Crawley junior, in “*Florence MacCarthy*,” must have been a bayonet stab in the very vitals of her foe. He certainly overshot the mark; there can be no doubt that his severity augmented the popularity of Lady Morgan, and increased the number of her friends. She was found to be “an awkward customer.”

* Croker, by his earliest work, “*Familiar Epistles*,” is said to have done to death the actor Edwin; at least, it was recorded on Edwin's tombstone, in St. Werburgh's churchyard, that “his death was occasioned by an illiberal and cruel attack on his professional reputation from an anonymous assassin.” Croker, among other “names,” called Lady Morgan “a female Methusalem,” knowing that was a barbed arrow that was sure to stick.



LADY MORGAN'S RESIDENCE, WILLIAM STREET, LONDON.

Westmacott, has been erected to her memory by her accomplished niece, Mrs. Inwood Jones.†

The life of Lady Morgan was one of excitement, from its dawn to its close. Even when a governess, “instructor of youth,” her days were never sad, nor did time hang

heavy on her hands; she was a charming companion at all periods, and was generally regarded in that light rather than as a teacher. Her animal spirits were inexhaustible; if not handsome, she was pretty, and in person attractive; she told Irish stories with inimitable humour, and sung Irish songs with singular *esprit*; she had been familiar with “society” from her childhood, and had been reared in self-independence: her vanity, her value of herself, made her at ease amid the great as among the small; like the soldier of fortune, she had all to gain and nothing to lose; reckless as regarded foes, but fervent in defence of friends; living in praise as the very breath of her life—flattery, no matter how gross, seemed never to exceed her right. No doubt much of “womanliness” was sacrificed to that perpetual exercise of self-dependence. Self-dependence is not the natural destiny of woman—rarely bringing content, and still more rarely happiness.

A writer who knew her in her prime, thus pictures “Glorvina” at “the Castle.” Hardly

* She told us she had once deigned so earnestly her ignorance of geology to one of its professors, that he offered to read a lecture on the subject (which her ladyship lamented pathetically she had not heard) in her drawing-room! She laughed afterwards at this, as one of the great difficulties of her social life. She added, “I got out of it by regretting that my present audience were unworthy such an honour, but that if he would do so the next night! Well, he was kind enough to promise, but I could not have survived it, and the next day, of course, I was very ill.” She once described to us a visit paid to her by a young and literary American, adding, “I dare say he exchanged his Bible for a peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool. You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated under the shadow of the strawberry leaves.”

† The tomb will be found on the right of the principal walk, entering the gate in the Fulham Road. A large plain slab is supported by six pillars; on a slab underneath is carved an Irish harp, propped by two books, “*France*” and the “*Wild Irish Girl*.” At the base is a wreath of *immortelles*.

‡ She did not forget this: bequeathing by Will a sum of £200 to the Aged Governesses Benevolent Institution.

whenever she was assailed. She girded on her armour even to the last, and went into battle with no less an adversary than Cardinal Wiseman, who attacked her for having asserted in her book on Italy, that the sacred chair of St. Peter, when examined, was found to contain this passage in Arabic characters:—"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" She answered the cardinal in a pamphlet—it was the old war-horse roused to energy by the trumpet-call to battle. Latterly, her sight began to give way, and she was almost blind when she ran a tilt against "His Eminence."

Let us fancy her gay ladyship travelling through France with her little "Irish harp case," that was mistaken for a *petit mort* she had brought over to bury in Père la Chaise; buying herself "a *chapeau de soleil* with cornflowers stuck in the side of it—twenty francs;" receiving from Lafayette and his household assurances of "the attachment of three generations;" her "Wednesdays" in the gay city, where the highest and the lowest met—princes, dukes, marshals, counts, actors, Maltese knights, small poets, and small wits—in a word, any celebrity or any notoriety, male or female, was welcome to her *salon*. There the finest violin player in France placed her on a raised seat, and declared she was his "inspiration." There Humboldt called and left his card, with the pencilled words, "*toujours malheureux*." Generally, however, she "kept clear of the English;" content with any praise, and greedy only of the admiration that was to be had without the asking; yet ever so pleasant, so full of point, so perfect in the *style parlant*, as she terms it, as really to be what she aimed to be—the queen of society.*

If her triumph was less in London than in the Elysée, it was because her worshippers were more phlegmatic than their light-tongued and light-hearted neighbours. Yet her "evenings at home" were always "successes."

Lady Morgan had an idea that she might be the means of bringing together in fraternal intercourse the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent on a more extensive scale than was possible in her *maisonette*. Mr. Mackinnon, of Hyde Park Place, had a large house, a suite of rooms capable of "entertaining" many, and in partnership with that estimable gentleman her plan was to be carried out. He was to issue cards to ladies and gentlemen of his order; she, to those who were eminent in literature, science, and Art. The cards were printed accordingly. They expressed that Lady Morgan and Mr. Mackinnon desired to be honoured with the company of so-and-so on the evening of Wednesday, July 16th. It was certainly somewhat startling to read the names thus joined; it was known that the one was a widow, the other a widower, and there was consequently no just cause or impediment why they two should not be joined together. Still it was curious, and "gossip" might have been excused, especially as the card was lithographed in the joint names, that of Lady

Morgan standing first. We received our invitation from her ladyship's own hands, and accepted it. On the evening of the 16th we duly entered the drawing-room at Hyde Park Place. We heard titles of all degrees announced; but hardly a name eminent in literature, Art, or science, greeted our ears. There were present perhaps two hundred people of rank, but, excepting ourselves and three or four others of our "calling," Lady Morgan had no followers to fraternise with those of Mr. Mackinnon. Speculation was idle as to the cause of so appalling an effect. The lady was evidently irate; there was no way of accounting for the humiliating fact, and, as may be supposed, the evening passed off with amazing dullness, for the co-operation of no other lions had been sought. A few days afterwards the mystery was explained. Mr. Mackinnon had agreed to envelope and direct such cards as were to go to his "order," Lady Morgan undertaking the transmission of such as were intended to lure the magnates of her own circle and craft.

The cards, properly prepared and addressed, she handed to Mr. Mackinnon's butler for the post; but either that important functionary forgot his duty, or grudged the postage, or thought it beneath him and his master to invite so many untitled guests—at all events, they were subsequently found safe in his desk, where they had been in comfortable seclusion from the day when dear Lady Morgan placed them in his hands. It is needless to say, there began and ended the scheme of her ladyship to bring together the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of talent!

She had that cordiality of manner which "took" at once, and did not permit you time to inquire if it were sincere. She was, however, entirely free from literary jealousy; she would aid and not depress young authorship; she was often generous with her purse, as well as her pen and tongue; there was nothing mean about her, and flattered as she had been from her youth upwards, is it wonderful that her large organ of self-esteem occasionally assumed



THE MONUMENT TO LADY MORGAN.

a character of arrogance? that when she called herself "Glorvina," it was her weakness to persuade herself how closely she resembled that brilliant creation of her fancy? that she was, in a word, *vain*, although her vanity may have been but the skeleton of pride?

She was essentially *matérielle*. In no one of her letters, in no part of her journal, can there be found the remotest reference to that High Power from which her genius was derived, which protected her wayward and perilous youth, her prosperous womanhood, and her popular (if not honoured) old age. There is no word of prayer or of thanksgiving in any of her written thoughts.

Her tact was portable, applicable, alive, alert, marketable, good-natured, ever ready at call, and consequently often useful; yes, and useful to others as well as to herself, for she was continually "on the watch" to serve a friend and set aside a difficulty. Lady Morgan had no left hand, no deaf ear, "no blind side;" she was life, bright life, from top to toe. Even when her receptions were over, and at her great age, it might be supposed she had gone wearied

and languidly to bed, she chatted cheerfully to her maid, and closed her eyes with a jest.

She was created for society, enjoyed and lived in society to the last: nothing annoyed her so much as being invited to a *small party*. She liked the crowded room, the loud announcement, and the celebrity she had earned. Her vanity was charming; it was different from every other vanity; it was so *naïve*; so original, and she admitted it with the frankness of a child. "I know I am *vain*," she once said to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so. It is not put off and on, like my *rouge*; it is always with me, it sleeps with me, wakes with me, companions me in my solitude, and arrays itself for publicity whenever I go abroad. I wrote books when your mothers worked samplers, and demanded freedom for Ireland when Daniel O'Connell scrambled for gulls' eggs among the wild crags of Derrynane." "I am *vain*," she said, on another occasion, to Mrs. Hall, "but I have a right to be so: look at the number of books I have written! Did ever woman move in a brighter sphere than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day; one from a

* Among her other peculiarities, her gay ladyship describes herself as a freemason: a venerable marquise—"the dear *belles et bonnes* of Voltaire"—being *grande maîtresse* of a lodge—proposed it to her, and she became "a free and accepted mason." The *belles et bonnes* at the inauguration were a picture of Voltaire, set in brilliant. There were men masons present, among them the Bishop of Jerusalem, and the actor Talma. "As to THE SECRET," she writes, "it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed;" and certainly her ladyship may well wonder how it was that a secret confided to many women, young, and beautiful, and worldly, should never have been revealed. She does not tell us if she wore an apron, but the *belles et bonnes* marquise did; and so the *illustre Anglaise* was added to the list of free and accepted masons—"received with acclamation and three rounds of applause, and cries of 'Honneur! honneur!'"

duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist—I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who, of course, keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock; that stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added, "Ah, that is a long time ago! Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and they would make a wiser woman vain."

If you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she would reply, "Perhaps I am better rouged than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is; how do you preserve its colour?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." When we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by her mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but our enjoyment would be, at times, suddenly disturbed by a sarcasm—just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard.

Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared to be—to strangers—to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. Speaking with Mrs. Hall of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan—"They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages, amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give every girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word pleases better. Cultivate one thing to perfection, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel 'that will carry me through life without dependence!' I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan. The faults of her youth were the faults of her age. Her mind attained its majority at a very early period. She carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same craving for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on "France" and "Italy," as she did in her novels; the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so unlike in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms.

The last time Mrs. Hall saw "the Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bed-room—a picturesque ruin of old-lady womanhood. Her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that she feared to see the old lady move. "Why, Lady Morgan!" she said, "you are looking far better than I expected; you are really looking well." "Ah, no, my dear," she said, in reply, "I am not; you should see me in the morning—it's the rouge!"

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE thirty-seventh annual exhibition is now open in Dublin. It contains five hundred works of Art, a considerable proportion of which are by native artists; yet we have some complaint to make on that score, for although the Academy consists of forty-three members—Academicians, Honorary and Associates—only twenty-three of them are this year contributors to the exhibition. Of late, the prospects of the Academy are far more encouraging than they used to be; not long ago, "sales" within its walls were rare events; during the past three or four years, however, many pictures have there found purchasers, and we trust this year, when so many visitors from the provinces will be in Dublin, few of the really good works will be returned to their homes. The gentry of Ireland should bear in mind that the talent which that country so abundantly produces should be fostered and strengthened; most of its artists are of necessity absentees; they find in England the "patronage" they did not find in Ireland; but there are several excellent painters and sculptors who have preferred dwelling in their own land, and "verily they should be fed." The luxuries of Art are becoming daily more and more necessities in Ireland; we trust that evidence of this fact will be obtained by the members and exhibitors of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

The President, CATTERSON SMITH, exhibits several excellent portraits; one of especial merit, that of the venerable Sir Thomas Staples, the "father of the Irish Bar," who was a member of the old House of Commons, sixty-five years ago, and who very recently passed from earth. A most charming picture is contributed by Mr. EDWARD SHIEL—an emigrant-girl, such as, alas! one may often see on the road-side or by the sea-shore; she is looking sadly and lovingly on the country she is about to leave—for ever, perhaps, although her life is in its early spring. 'The Milkmaid' is a genuine copy of a light-hearted lass, whose *locale* is supposed to be Killarney; Mr. G. W. NICHOLS, the artist, has certainly found his original somewhere, and has faithfully copied what he has seen. 'The Wayside Spring' is another sweet picture of this class, the production of an artist rapidly rising to eminence, Mr. T. A. JONES. It is in landscape, however, we find the greater number of members of the Academy excel. The works of Mr. CHARLES GREY and his three sons demand special notice; the former has long "led" in this department; the youths have been educated in a good school, and already give evidence of the high positions to which they aspire. The sea-pieces of Mr. KENDRICK are of very great merit; he has obviously studied nature, and has striven successfully to copy its most striking and agreeable effects. Some of the views at Killarney—"Glena Bay" in particular, by Mr. B. C. WATKINS—render very happily the scenery of the beautiful district. The works of Mr. J. R. MARQUIS are of great merit; one of them happily pictures 'Herring-boats leaving Ireland's Eye.' By the same hand is an admirable work, 'A Storm on the Great Belt.' A picture, somewhat similar in character, by Mr. EDWIN HAYES, 'Fishing Boats leaving Port,' attracts and merits marked attention. Mr. VINCENT DUFFY is a valuable contributor: he has industry as well as power, and studies nature in her most artistic effects. A production of great ability is entitled 'Golden Moonrise.' Mr. EDWIN GREY has a landscape, 'View on the Tolka,' which is very skilfully rendered, and the scene well chosen. W. DILLON exhibits a view, 'On the Liffey, near Palmerston,' an interesting bit of home scenery. There are other artists whose works, in landscape more especially, might demand praise at our hands.

The Sculpture Room contains several works that manifest the power always put forth by Ireland in this department of Art.

On the whole, the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, though not to be considered of the highest class, or, indeed, as evidence of what Irish artists have done and are doing elsewhere, affords subject for satisfaction, certainly for hope, and as certainly for encouragement.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

ALTHOUGH full of works of rare excellence, the North Room does not this year contain the two or three absorbing pictures that so frequently appear on these walls; but the absence of such treasures is accidental, for they are numerous in private collections. In the Marlborough Rubens, for instance—(52), 'Rubens, his Wife and Child'—the imperfect painting of the head of the lady is a blemish in the picture which a little more care would have made one of the best that Rubens ever painted. Again, the Marquis of Westminster's 'Rubens and his Wife in a Garden of Flowers' always suggests rather Jordaens the pupil, than Rubens the master. The Vandykes are numerous and brilliant. Among them are the famous (56) 'King Charles the First,' from the Warwick Collection, and 'The Assumption of the Virgin' (16), which must have been painted while Vandyke was yet under the influence of Rubens's manner. The pictures by Teniers are beautiful and well-conditioned—(11) 'Playing at Cards,' (5) 'A Village Festival,' and (31) 'A Man cleaning Armour.' The 'Musical Party,' by Giorgione, is not one of that master's best examples; nor do the two Claudes, (20) 'Landscape, with Christ Journeying to Emmaus,' and (24) 'Landscape, with Christ Tempted,' attributed to Claude, recall to mind the sweetness of that painter's manner; but (28) 'Landscape—Charcoal Burners' is a production of Ruysdael of the greatest beauty—is deep and rich, without blackness and opacity, and there are others which fix the attention of the connoisseur, as (40) 'Landscape,' Hobbima; (35) 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' Berghem; (48) 'The Marquis of Montrose,' Dobson, equal to Vandyke; (27) 'The Holy Family, with St. John,' Murillo. Among the smaller and minutely-finished pictures there is (3) 'A Stall with Fish, Vegetables, &c.,' by Mieris, which, although elaborately studied, is somewhat hard; two pictures by Metzger, (6) 'A Lady reading a Letter,' and (8) 'A Gentleman writing a Letter;' (10) 'Buildings and Figures,' Vander Heyden; two remarkable pictures by the so-called snake-painter, a 'Study from Nature,' and another, pieces of herbage, shrubbery, and flowers, falling short of the beautiful only in proportion to their want of softness. (44) 'The Duet,' by Gonzales Coques, is a precious study of interior accessory, remarkably clear and deep; and the dignity and harmonious glow of Both's studies are worthily exemplified in (49) 'Landscape and Figures.' (55) 'A River View,' by Cuyp, looks more like composition than anything near Dordrecht, where he always painted. The middle room contains many equally valuable works, as (60) 'Scene on the Ice,' J. Ostade; (61) 'Boors at Supper;' (66) 'Landscape and Figures,' Both; (62) 'A Man Playing the Hurdy Gurdy,' Boucher; and a group of pictures by Ercole Grandi, L. di Credi, Cosimo Tura, and Mazzolino di Ferrara, with 'The Marriage at Cana,' P. Veronese, a replica of a study for the Louvre picture. This room contains also works by Canaletto, Guido, Velasquez, Bassano, Greuze, Cuyp, Backhuysen, S. Ross, Jan Steen, Claude, Rembrandt, &c., &c. The selection of English pictures is very uniform in its excellence. Those by Reynolds are charming, especially (101) 'Lady Gertrude Fitz-Patrick,' and (147) 'The Earl Cadogan,' &c.; and no less so are those by Gainsborough, Wilson, Sir D. Wilkie, Copley Fielding, Romney, Hogarth, Morland, and prominently (171) 'A Tiger disturbed with its Prey,' by the late James Ward, R.A., a work of surpassing quality, which must have been painted about seventy years ago; it is one of the productions of the British school that give to it enduring fame, and which no other artist of the century has surpassed; it will be classed with the best works that a past generation has bequeathed to the present, and be valued accordingly; with others by P. Nasmyth, Turner, Roberts, Crome, Starke, &c., nearly all distinguished by the very best feeling of their authors. There is consequently much sound and valuable teaching to be obtained at this instructive exhibition.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

ANY one who looks through the series of historical engravings in the first of the two volumes now on our table (the second has none of this description), would naturally inquire—that is, if he has any thought about the matter beyond pictorial attractiveness—"How is it that in almost every book professing to illustrate the Scriptures, and published here, we find the artists of other countries supplying the means? How is it that in the whole range of our school of painters men cannot be found to perform the desired work?" The only reply to the question which can be given is simply, that Christian Art is not a speciality with us as it is elsewhere; that it is not studied and practised by the artists of England, as a rule, because the taste of picture-buyers offers no inducement. We put up no pictures in our churches,—the Protestantism of a reformed creed and ritual is an insuperable, and some people would say, a bigoted and senseless, barrier to such adornments: we hang our rooms and private galleries with "things of the earth," but almost rigidly exclude the "things of heaven," so to speak. British Art is essentially *mundane* in its object; it has no sympathy with a world beyond our own, or with what has reference to, or is symbolical of, another state of existence: this seems strange, indeed, in a country where the principles of Christianity are held in the deepest veneration, and its doctrines are universally taught, and almost as universally listened to.

Yet, in writing what we have, we do not forget that Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Christ in the Temple,' and 'The Light of the World,' find numerous admirers, and that Mr. Millais's 'The Parables Illustrated' is a book the success of which is indisputable; but these are exceptional cases, that carry no weight of evidence against what we see year by year exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy and other public galleries.

Thus it is that publishers in need of "Sacred Art" resort, in their extremity, to other lands where it flourishes in abundance—to the old painters of Italy, or to the living schools of Germany; and so it is that Mr. Murray has found among the works of Overbeck the historical designs which set before us the principal events spoken of in the New Testament, and of which he has allowed us to reprint some examples.

Of this great light of modern Art, which has shed its influence, in conjunction with others, over no insignificant portion of the country where it rose, our readers found a record in the pages of our journal a few months ago. Inasmuch as at the revival of painting, Christian Art was in possession of no new methods of expressing its ideas, and, therefore, was compelled to resort to those of pagan Art which had come down to them, so the artists of our own time follow—but each according to his own fancy or judgment—the footsteps of those who took part in the regeneration of Art, and gave to it a living form and a pervading power. Hence, while some painters go back to a period which we are accustomed to associate with its morning, others identify themselves with what is assumed to be its meridian splendour, as exhibited in the works of Raffaele and those other great Italian painters who were coeval with him, or succeeded him at no great distance of time. Overbeck is one of the latter: Raffaele is the divinity he worships; his compositions are of the Raffaellesque type; and he aims—not by any means unsuccessfully—to invest them with the expression and character seen in those of his illustrious predecessor.

The writings of the four Evangelists, which include the first of the two volumes forming this edition of the New Testament, have furnished

nished Overbeck with twenty-one subjects. The three specimens introduced here may be accepted



RACHEL WEEPING.

as average examples of the whole number. It will be obvious to those who are intimately



ECCE HOMO!

acquainted with the works of the old Italian masters how much more closely Overbeck allies



THE ENTOMBMENT.

himself with Raffaele than with any other. This is especially noticeable in the simplicity of

* THE NEW TESTAMENT OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Illustrated by a Plain Explanatory Comment, and by Authentic Views of Places mentioned in the Sacred Text, from Sketches and Photographs taken on the spot. Edited by Edward Churton, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland, and Prebendary of York; and William Basil Jones, M.A., Prebendary of York and St. David's. 2 vols. Published by John Murray, London.

his arrangement of subject, and the absence of everything like extraneous matter, or of subordinates. The figures are few, even in scenes where numbers would be perfectly legitimate, and even seem to be required, as in the 'Ecce Homo!' where the crowd of infuriated Jews is

scarcely perceptible, and the interest of the picture is strictly confined to the principal personages on the stage. After Raffaele's time artists ignored this simplicity of design, striving for a more dramatic effect, and enriching, as some think, their compositions with a multipli-

city of figures; the result too often was a mere "spectacle," an assemblage on the canvas of the entire *corps dramatique*, principals and subordinates, as we see them in the final scene of a modern pantomime. The plain truth of the narrative is lost amid the gorgeous display of



OLIVE TREES IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

accessorial wealth. Christian Art loses its dignity and its spiritual impressiveness when thus presented. Overbeck assuredly feels this and avoids it.

The scenery of Palestine has become tolerably familiar to us in England, by means of the numerous illustrated works which have been

published here of late years, as well as by the paintings and drawings annually exhibited in our public galleries. Most of these, no doubt, have a near approach to truth of locality; but artists generally seek after pictorial effects, and to this end are apt to indulge in licenses which will realise their object better than

would, possibly, an identical reproduction of the actual scene. But photography is no flatterer: it paints the face of nature and the "human face divine" without the least intention of paying a compliment to either; it neither "extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice," but is a sincere, if not a courteous, truth-teller.



JOPPA—TAN YARDS.

And photography is employed here, to a great extent, to delineate many of the most remarkable and interesting localities in the Holy Land; these views were taken by Mr. James Graham. Other engravings of scenery are from sketches by an amateur artist who has the gift of a

skilful pencil, the Rev. S. C. Malan: the names of Mrs. Walker, L. de Laborde, Texier, and the late W. H. Bartlett, are appended to the few remaining cuts, as their authorities. The two examples on this page are from Mr. Graham's photographs.

We have remarked that this work has a value beyond that of being a richly illustrated book; it is one which cannot fail to be of great utility to the reader and student of biblical literature. The Rev. E. Churton, who acknowledges his obligations for assistance to the Rev. F. C.

Cook, Canon of Exeter, has added an ample store of textual commentary on the Gospels of the four Evangelists, and the Rev. W. B. Jones has done the same for the remaining books of the New Testament. The former says, partially quoting the words of St. Augustine, "We have tried to deal with you"—the Christian reader—"not as if you could at once, by our feeble help, understand the deep things of God, but to quicken your desire that you may one day understand them." The latter guards himself from any imaginary charge of sectarian bias by the remark that "in the interpretation, as distinguished from the mere translation of the sacred text, he has not consciously spoken in the interest of any school or party. It has been his earnest wish, by God's blessing, and with the aid of all the human means within his reach, to ascertain the meaning of the inspired writers, without regarding the possible inferences in relation to any theological position."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALOYS SENEFELDER, THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY.

SIR,—I am aware that the city of Metz commemorates the invention of printing by a statue of Guttenberg, and also that the successful introduction and practice of the art in England is illustrated by a fine print representing Caxton exhibiting his 'First Proof Sheet,' in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; but does his native Munich, or any capital in Europe, contain a public memorial of the worthy and ingenious man whose name and valuable invention are mentioned at the head of this letter? The answer, so far as I am aware, must be in the negative. Perhaps it may be said that not being an Englishman, not having either invented or first practised his art in this country, we are not called upon to honour in that way a foreigner, the advantage of whose labours we only share in common with the civilised world. Besides, is not the best memorial of his genius, the book in which he has described the progress and explained the processes of his art; and the noblest monument of its importance the great establishments in which it has so long been, and is at this day, so extensively practised? In some senses it is so, emphatically so indeed. The memoir—now, however, rarely read—does perpetuate with the name an affecting account of the protracted struggles and final success of the inventor of a process which has become one of so much interest and value alike to the world of Art and the commercial world; and the establishment of the Messrs. Day & Co. does illustrate the importance of the art of lithography. But still, how rarely are we in any way—and perhaps least of all amidst its proudest modern triumphs—reminded even of the name of our benefactor? As the writer of an article printed some years since in *Household Words*, says, "Had poor Aloys Senefelder (dead in Munich yonder, without statue or testimonial) called his invention Senefeldography or the Aloysotype, he might possibly have snatched some modicum of posthumous fame." It is no part of my design in this letter to give any details of the life and labours of the worthy German whose invention was so materially indebted for its earliest success on a large scale to his worthy countryman, the late highly respected Mr. Ackermann; nor do I exactly see in what way British gratitude could most suitably manifest our obligation to Senefelder's genius by some tribute to his memory. I am content to leave the consideration and determination of what should be done to others, but I do venture to think that the highest and most accomplished admirers, as well as the most humble practitioners of an art so beautiful in its capabilities and so profitable in every way, would unite in welcoming almost any form of memorial embodying the name and recording the genius, if not also preserving the likeness, of Aloys Senefelder, the Inventor of Lithography.

J. H.

THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

An industrial exhibition, the first of its kind held in the Potteries, opened at Hanley on the 5th of June. The project of holding the exhibition originated with the Committee of the Potteries Mechanics' Institution at Hanley, by whom, and its energetic and able secretary, Mr. E. Brunt, it was carried to a satisfactory and successful conclusion. This being the first of the kind held in the Pottery District was, of course, purely experimental, and could not for many reasons be expected to be an extensive one. Several of the workmen did not, it appears, clearly understand its nature, and were timid at sending in their productions; while others, with so little time at their own disposal as the operatives of this district usually have, were unable, in the short time allowed, to prepare any special examples of their individual skill. Others, again, it is to be feared, lacked the necessary encouragement from their masters, and were thus held back from exhibiting their powers of design, or manipulative skill. The experiment having, however, been tried, there can be little doubt that the workmen, who will now practically understand the nature and advantages of such an exhibition, will be encouraged, and will, another year, produce such an assemblage of industrial art as shall be a credit to the district, and shall well and thoroughly represent (which the present one does only partially) the industry, the skill, and the taste of the workers in every department of the manufactures of the neighbourhood.

One great result of the present exhibition has been the bringing together an assemblage of working models of newly-invented potters' drying stoves, most, if not all of which, are decided improvements upon the stoves at present in use. Of these, the stoves invented by Messrs. Smith and Greatbach of Etruria, Mr. Watkins of Cobridge, and Mr. Moore of Goldenhill are the most important. The first of these is, and has been for some months, in actual daily use at Messrs. Wedgwood and Sons, and is found to work admirably. The principle of the construction, which is perfectly novel, is that two of the four walls of the square room are formed of framework, with tiers of shelves on each side. These walls are divided down their centre, and each half is made to revolve on its own axis. Thus, when one of the tiers of shelves has been filled by the "runner" with the "green ware," it is made to revolve so that the ware is turned to the inside of the heated stove, while those which have already undergone the process of drying are by the same movement brought out, to be removed and replaced by more "green" ware, as produced by the thrower or moulder. The advantage of this arrangement is that neither the workman nor his "runner" have to be subjected to the dust, and the almost roasting heat of the stove, as is the case in those in general use. The saving of labour, too, is very great; and it has been ascertained that this saving to the little "mould runner" upon forty dozen of soup plates only, Paris shape, is two tons in weight, and the distance carried one mile and a quarter less than at present. The second of these inventions (that by Mr. Watkins) may be described to be on the principle of the most approved drying stoves for laundry use. It consists of a number of framework racks running on rails and wheels, which are drawn out of the stove for filling, and replaced when filled, with the greatest ease. It possesses the same advantage of the workmen's freedom from heat and dust, and of saving of labour from the present system. The third (Mr. Moore's) is similar in principle, the main difference being that it runs on a suspending framework instead of on the floor.

Another important improvement in the potter's art brought forward at the exhibition is a machine invented by Abraham Clarke, of Tunstall, for making cups, jellies, etc., which can be worked either by hand or steam power, and with the greatest ease. A newly-invented bread oven for bakers, by Mr. D. Lea, potter, of Newcastle, is very meritorious, as is also a revolving steam-engine by Mr. Fenton.

In pottery, Mr. Henry Aston, of Hanley, exhibits a fine assemblage of flowers, &c., in parian, and two remarkably good celadon vases, of which latter Mr. Steele also produces examples. Among the more notable exhibitors in decorative and manipulative pottery are the following:—Hamlet Toft, of Hanley, centre-piece and comports of his own design and execution; Matthew Leader, of the same town, a collection of decorated doorplates; J. H. Evans, of Fenton, plates and a Louis XVI. vase of his own painting; Isaac Wild, H. Kane, and Fone, of Longton, superb examples of gilding, in which the intricacy, the delicacy, and the precision of the patterns, and the beauty and evenness of the workmanship, are deserving of the highest praise; James Marsh, of Walstanton, a number of examples of modelling in earthenware, amongst which his wine-cooler, shown at the Paris Exhibition, his water-bottle, and a large flower vase, are the most conspicuous; Henry Baggaley, a number of his productions, including a Cobden memorial jug, a rustic chess or draught-board, a rustic garden seat, and other minor articles, many of them of good design; J. F. Marsh, of Burslem, an adaptation of a mediæval jug and some articles in terracotta; J. Edwards, of Burslem, an exquisitely modelled poppy, closely copied from nature.

Mr. F. J. Emery exhibits specimens of his newly-invented process of crayon-drawing on porcelain—a process, the originality of which it is but fair to all parties to say, is claimed by a Mr. Joseph Thorley. With this dispute, of course, we have nothing to do; all we need say is, that the process consists in having the colours usually used by china painters, mixed up with necessary mediums and formed into crayons. The artist, or amateur—for the process seems to be intended principally for the amusement of the latter class—then makes his drawing in the ordinary way of crayons, on the prepared porcelain, and it is submitted to heat and glazed in the usual manner. Mr. Emery exhibited specimens drawn by W. P. Frith, R.A., Digby Wyatt, and other eminent artists, and also a large unfired tile-piece for decoration of a bathroom, powerfully drawn by Mr. Carter, of the Hanley School of Art. Mr. Emery's process seems best adapted for pictures in monotone. In this same process, Mr. Thorley, to whom we have alluded, exhibits a sea piece drawn by himself.

In paintings in oil the exhibition falls far short of what might naturally be expected in a district so rich in artistic skill; and there is not a single picture in this department which is worthy of separate notice.

Of works in photography, there is a good collection.

In glass-engraving, Mr. Martin's contributions rank high and do him great credit; while Mr. Tunnicliff's new invention for the manufacture at a cheap rate of tiles and bricks, for decorative building purposes, also possesses merit.

The adjudication of prizes in connection with the exhibition was left to Mr. Ayshford Wise, M.P.; Mr. Hepworth Dixon; Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A.; and Mr. J. B. Waring, B.A., F.R.S.; and these gentlemen met on the 8th for that purpose. Their awards will not be made known until the close of the exhibition.

In connection with the competitive exhibition was one of loans, in which was a marvellously interesting and valuable assemblage of nearly every known make of ancient pottery and porcelain. The principal contributors to this loan collection were the Potteries Mechanics' Institution Museum, the Stoke Athenæum, Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, Dr. J. Barnard Davis, E. and C. Jones, W. Haslam Davis, E. M. Pierce, H. Heath, L. Stanway, Aaron and Abner Wedgwood, E. Hunt, E. Cherry, Bacon, Banks, Slater, H. P. Daniell, Abington, C. Senior, C. Turner, C. Alfieri, P. Parrish, J. P. Hammerley, Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. Mort.

We hear that it is intended that this Industrial and Art Exhibition shall become annual, and we doubt not, with careful attention, it will become a large and important affair, and one that will have a marked and beneficial influence on the manufactures of the district.

FOLEY'S STATUE
OF
SIR CHARLES BARRY, R.A.,
IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

SURELY some evil genius hovers over the public Art-works of our Metropolis. To the blunders at Hyde Park Corner and Trafalgar Square we have now to add another item, but with this marked contrast, that, whilst in the former instances bad work is thrust into good places, in the present case matters are exactly reversed, and a really fine work is put in a bad place. Hence our feelings of mortification in recording the erection of Mr. Foley's grand statue of Sir Charles Barry on a site and amid conditions totally subversive of its effect—viz., at the foot of the staircase leading to the Commons Committee Rooms, Houses of Parliament.

It is hardly necessary here to state, that to mark their sense of the high skill of the architect of the new palace at Westminster, a number of his professional brethren and friends sought at the time of his lamented decease to place some tribute to his memory within the walls of the temple his genius had raised, and decided that this token of their admiration should assume the form of a statue from the chisel of his brother Academician,—to whom it has been a labour of love. Permission was at length accorded by the Royal Fine Arts Commission, and subsequently confirmed by the Office of Works, to place a memorial statue within the building; but the site granted, though fitting by association, was, in an artistic sense, at once felt by the promoters of the movement to be unsuitable for the reception of a statue. Badly lighted, and that only by stained glass, with no advantageous approach in passing to or from the committee rooms, being placed at the foot of the staircase, and enshrouded in murky gloom, excepting on some few of the brighter days in summer, the site forbids all attempt to estimate the work by the only medium through which sculpture expresses itself—light and shade.

Had the occasion been one of ordinary interest only, or the work one of ordinary merit, it would have passed with a simple regret into the category of official blunders marking our public Art-doings; but a sense of duty prompts our strongest protest against the injustice of consigning this fine work to a place so unfitting its demands as a work of Art. Nowhere but in this country could such a result have occurred in the face of all the suggestions and proposals that must have been urged by those acting in the matter. Why not, for the purpose of a better light at least, substitute the stained glass by a more colourless window, similar to those in the waiting hall close by? But the whole case affords another striking illustration of the evils attendant on incompetence and irresponsibility in those who, under the screen of office, pretend to legislate for what they know nothing about.

But to the statue, which, in our indignation at its fate, we are leaving unnoticed. In this, as in all Mr. Foley's works, a vivid conception of purpose is happily rendered. The architect of our Legislative Palace should in his memorial, placed therein, be at his work—the crowning aim of his life: he is so, and in earnest too. The figure is seated; extended in the left hand is a drawing board, having thereon a plan of the building, and a sketch of the Victoria Tower: the idea of the latter he may be supposed to have just conceived, and upon which he is studiously intent. The attitude, free from a tinge of conventionality, is unrestrained and easy, and presents an air of vitality and motion in the diversified flow of line in the limbs and drapery, which, whilst essentially modern—being in fact the architect's own usual studio attire—is subordinate to the composition and general effect. The likeness, admirably blending individuality and character, is, in point of resemblance, most felicitous. As a portrait statue it must rank among the best examples of English sculpture, and well maintains the very high position of its author.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The work-house and the parochial schools at the rear of the National Gallery are to be purchased, and the Gallery is to be enlarged; so much has been told us by Mr. William Cowper, who adds, however, that even then there will not be space sufficient "for the exhibition and classification of all the old masters—certainly not for the works of the British school now at South Kensington!" Surely, there is nothing to prevent the addition of several acres by carrying a structure up to Leicester Square—into it, if need be; and surely a barrack is not now required, neither is it ever likely to be, in the heart of the metropolis.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The arrangement between the Government and the Academy seems to be pretty nearly where it was two years ago. Mr. Cowper informed the House that "a proposal had been made by the Government to the Royal Academy implying that if they pleased to apply for a site at Burlington House, the Government would be prepared to grant it to them. There had not been time as yet to ascertain the intention of the Royal Academy, but a considerable time must necessarily elapse before they could vacate the National Gallery." It would be almost safe to prophesy that the present generation will go out before the Academy goes out.—The Exhibition may now be seen by gaslight: the pictures do not lose any of their power, for the light is ample and good, while thus a number of persons can visit the exhibition who are so circumstanced as to be precluded from that enjoyment in the daytime. It is a benevolent as well as a wise act on the part of the Academy.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.—It appears that the public must wait for the removal of the portraits until the new gallery in Trafalgar Square is erected. Surely they had better be sent to South Kensington, than remain in their present dark and miserable quarters in Great George Street. The idea seems to have excited the House when it was hinted at there; for Mr. Cowper is reported to have said that "there was a wonderful alarm on the part of some honourable members at the words—South Kensington." Such "alarm" is created far more by the "authorities" than by the place. "Some honourable members" know much more than they are bold enough to say; or, if they do not, we may promise, at no distant period, to enlighten them on the subject.

FRENCH OPINIONS OF ENGLISH ART-INDUSTRY.—M. Michael Chevalier, whose name is highly respected in England, in addressing the French Chamber, made some gratifying comments on British progress in the arts of Design and Industry. We cannot say they were made reluctantly, although the speaker took occasion to urge on France the necessity of greater efforts to maintain the high status it has held so long. "We (the representatives of France at the International Exhibition) were," he said, "impressed and frightened by the marked progress which the English had notably made in works of good taste." He attributes much of the change to the influence of the Museum and the teaching at South Kensington; and there cannot be a doubt of his being right. M. Chevalier is not so well informed as to the other causes that have produced a result so honourable and so profitable to England. South Kensington is on the surface, the "other causes" lie underneath it. The fact, however, none

can question, that within the last twenty years astonishing advances have been made in every department of manufacture that can be in any degree influenced by Art. Twenty years ago we foretold in the *Art-Journal* that so it would be; that "beauty was in reality cheaper than deformity," and that, in time, there would be palpable evidence of the commercial value of the *Fine Arts*. It is not likely that the "authorities" at South Kensington would accord to us our share of the issue; but none know better than Mr. Henry Cole the effects that have been produced by the lengthened labour, earnest thought, continued efforts, and large expenditure (evidenced by upwards of ten thousand engravings of objects of manufactured Art), that have operated in the *Art-Journal* to justify the words of M. Chevalier, when he refers to the "considerable progress that has been made by the English in the art of Design in connection with Art-manufacture."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1867.—A list has been issued of the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to advise her upon the best mode by which the products of Industry and the Fine Arts of the United Kingdom, the British Colonies and Dependencies, may be procured and sent to this exhibition. It is headed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, immediately followed by Earl Granville. Then succeed the names of about one hundred nobleman and gentlemen, the appointments being, for the most part, honorary. A preliminary meeting has been held, at which the Prince presided, when it was determined by the Commissioners to divide themselves into twelve or more sub-committees, to take charge of the various groups into which the exhibition will be classified. No doubt his Royal Highness will personally interest himself in the proceedings. We trust that Parliament will, in its wisdom, allocate a sum of money in order that England may be liberally as well as royally represented in France. The secretary is Mr. Henry Cole, C.B.; whether as honorary or paid, the report does not state.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST, Mr. Heade, who was long a resident in Brazil, and who has exhibited many admirable landscapes painted in that country, is about to publish a series of twenty chromolithographs of very interesting character. They picture the Brazilian humming-birds; no words can describe their gorgeous plumage, but the painter may. Mr. Heade has done so with marvellous fidelity, but they are only parts, though the primary parts, of his pictures. He introduces, with much judgment and skill, the foliage and flowers among which they live, with backgrounds such as mark the favourite localities of each bird. The paintings are not only original but exceedingly beautiful; finished, necessarily, with great minuteness, yet with broad effects. It is rarely that artists have such opportunities: it is fortunate that so pleasant and useful a task has fallen to one so well fitted for the work. The publication will be issued under the special patronage of the Emperor of Brazil.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.—The pictures exhibited by Mr. Mayall illustrate a new and very important phase in the interesting art of photography. In a series of portraits of the fine head of the poet-laureate, Alfred Tennyson, all printed from one negative, and that negative scarcely an inch square, this accomplished photographer demonstrates a complete mastery over a "new solar camera process" by which photographs of any dimensions up to the life-size are produced direct with-

out the aid of hand-work," and it may be added, entirely free from exaggeration or distortion. The series consists of one small impression same size as the negative itself, and seven or eight enlarged prints each one larger than its predecessor, until the full life size is attained. Except for the difference as to size, the portraits appear to be identical—the same expression, the same warmth of tone, and the same sharpness of detail. In the very largest there is no loss of definition; it appears, indeed, to have been printed direct from some magnificent negative of the same dimensions. Enlarged photographs have long been common enough, but they have also looked common enough, and no wonder, for the old enlarging process yielded but a dirty impression, of a rough blanket-like texture, which had to be worked to evenness by the brush. Mr. Mayall appears to have reformed this altogether. The series representing the poet-laureate, and a smaller series from a new negative of Captain Grant (the fellow traveller of the lamented Speke), also exhibited by Mr. Mayall, conclusively prove that a new and valuable process of printing and enlarging is perfectly under command and at the service of the public. The process of printing and magnifying small negatives by direct printing through the medium of gigantic reflectors and condensers, is due to Monckhoven, of Belgium; its successful adaptation to portraiture in England is due to Mr. Mayall and his clever sons.

THE BRAYE MONUMENT.—The Countess of Beauchamp, one of the four owners of the Stanford estates, and one of the four co-heirs of the barony of Braye, has recently erected in the church of Stanford-upon-Avon, in Northamptonshire, the mausoleum of the Cave family, a monument to the memory of her mother, the late Baroness Braye. It is a beautiful work of Art, the joint production of Mrs. Thornycroft and of Signor Giovanni Fontana, superintended by the sculptor Gibson. It consists of a life-size portrait recumbent statue in the finest Carrara marble, the feet resting upon a greyhound couchant, by Mrs. Thornycroft. The figure reposes upon an altar-tomb of statuary marble, on which the inscription and the heraldic quarterings of the deceased are carved. The background of the monument is formed by a bas-relief, the work of Fontana. It represents a figure kneeling by a cross near a bed of snowdrops, exquisitely carved, above which float a group of three angel children, designed by Gibson, supposed to be in the act of receiving the spirit of the departed. The bas-relief is enclosed in a moulded Gothic arch of Sicilian marble 10 ft. 8 in. high, supported by two buttresses 12 ft. 8 in. in height, in the style of the architecture of the church. The text, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is carved in raised white marble letters above the arch, surmounted by a battlemented cornice. The architectural portion of the work was executed by Mr. Underwood, the marble mason of Camden Town. The white marble platform, on which the altar-tomb is placed, is inlaid in mosaic by Mr. Poole, of Westminster, in the style of the *tre cento* period of Italy. The pieces of marble employed are cut from seven hundred fragments of antique marbles collected by the lady to whose memory the monument is erected, at Tusculum and other ancient ruins in Italy. The design for the mosaic was suggested by a mosaic in Westminster Abbey. The platform is approached by a plain white marble step, upon which are placed in relief some religious emblems to illustrate

an illuminated marble scroll with the fifth, sixth, and seventh verses from the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.

THE GRAPHIC.—The last meeting of the season of the members of this society took place on May 10th, when, for the first time in its history, ladies were admitted, thereby following the example of a kindred society, the "Artists and Amateurs." The rooms were tastefully decorated with flowers, while the display of works of Art was good: it included a clever picture, entitled 'Poland,' by Mme. Jerichau, and others by J. Ward, R.A., J. Linnell, D. Cox, C. Lucy, P. W. Elen, Topham, T. J. Soper, and others.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—At the ordinary meeting of this society, Mr. A. J. B. Hope in the chair, the royal gold medal for 1864 was presented to Mr. James Pennethorne. Mr. Beresford Hope made some remarks on the Art-exhibition proposed to be held at Alton Towers, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, during the months of July, August, and September, in aid of the funds for the erection of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute, Burslem; and he invited the members of the Architectural Institute to contribute coloured designs and drawings.

A DRINKING FOUNTAIN, surmounted by a statue of a naiad, of Carrara marble, the whole designed by Mr. Munro, the sculptor, will shortly be placed in Berkeley Square, opposite the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne, at whose cost the work is being executed. The base is of red granite.

THE EAST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION will be opened in St. Mary's Schools, Whitechapel, on the 12th of the present month, and will be closed on the 2nd of August. It is under the patronage and guarantee of the Marquis of Westminster, Earls Shaftesbury and Macclesfield, Lord Bury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other gentlemen of influence.

MR. FOLEY'S STATUE OF BURKE.—The "sketch"—meaning in this case a highly finished statuette, half the size of life—of the statue of Edmund Burke, as proposed for Trinity College, Dublin, has been completed. It is intended as a companion to that of Goldsmith, and we may sincerely—even beforehand—congratulate Trinity College on the possession of two statues that will rank among the finest of modern times. In Mr. Foley's conception of Burke, there is no action, but there is language everywhere, even from the features to the drapery. He makes his subject addressing the House, and he could scarcely have done otherwise. The right hand rests on the side; in the left is placed a scroll; the head is slightly turned to the right; and by the advance of the right foot, a very slight swing is given to the person. The face is strikingly handsome: it has been modelled from Reynolds's portrait, with reference to every other authentic source to which the sculptor had access. In this case, as in all others of modelling from flat portraits only, the difficulty has been the profile; but it cannot be doubted that the artist has rendered this as near the life as the authorities accessible to him would admit. The dress is the coat, flapped waistcoat, and nether continuations of the day; and in dealing with these, as in the case of Goldsmith, Mr. Foley shows that unostentatious simplicity which in Art, as in other things, is always the most difficult quality to attain. The large model has been commenced, but it is only yet in the rough.

THE SACKVILLE GALLERY.—An exhibition under this name has been opened at 196, Piccadilly. It is intended to be permanent, and for the reception only of

water-colour drawings, that will remain on the walls for two months, and will be replaced on the first Monday in every second month with a new collection. Among the contributors are Hablot K. Brown, R. Dowling, W. H. Millais, E. W. Cooke, R.A., Charles Marshall, Vicat Cole, &c. Among the drawings, which number upwards of one hundred, are some of much interest. We shall return to the subject.

MESSRS. MCLEAN AND HAES have issued two most charming photographs of wild mountain rocks on the coast of Cornwall; they are singularly grand, and convey an impressive idea of the wild scenery of the sea-girt shire. An amateur has produced them: it would be difficult to find better examples of the art. He associates the views with passages from the "Idylls" of the Poet-Laureate, and this adds to their interest.

EMERY'S PATENT FOR DESIGNS ON POTTERY.—An extremely beautiful invention for the decoration of pottery has been patented by Mr. Emery, of Cobridge.* The process is drawing with a crayon on a porcelain surface, and rendering the design indelible, like ordinary ceramic embellishment, by submitting it, as enamels are, to the heat of the kiln. The examples we have seen of this invention are as yet only in monochrome, the colour being blue; but we believe a variety of other colours are in course of preparation. The crayon employed is black, and has much the appearance of the common *conté*, and the surface for the reception of the drawing is white, and, of course, unglazed, being prepared with a "tooth." The drawing is black on the porcelain, but in the process of firing it becomes blue. Thus the merit of the invention consists in placing immediately, and by the hand, a design in colour on earthenware or porcelain, so as to resemble at once the ordinary results of drawing and enamelling. Hence, as far as Mr. Emery's patent goes, ceramic decoration will be no longer a special art, for any one who can draw can work on porcelain. It is very modestly proposed as an amusement for ladies and "the children of a family;" but under the hand of a skilful artist it may, like paper, be made the vehicle of an endless variety of suggestions of taste and fancy. It will never, perhaps, attain to the softness of enamel, but we cannot suppose that at present it is more than a first scintillation, to be carried hereafter to a high degree of excellence.

"OLD" EDINBURGH.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, have published a *fac-simile* of the bird's-eye view of the city, taken, in 1647, by Mr. James Gordon, minister of Rothenham, whose original drawing was engraved on copper in Holland. It is curious to compare the Edinburgh of the present time with Edinburgh two centuries ago.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The fifty-sixth anniversary of this institution was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 27th of May, Lord Bury presiding. We have often directed attention to the objects and working of this excellent provident society, which limits its aid to artists, their widows and orphans, who have, by subscribing, established a claim on its funds. Her Majesty has for twenty-seven years sent an annual donation to it of 100 gs.

MESSRS. MARION AND SON, of Soho Square, issued the day after "the Derby," a photograph of the Grand Stand, with the multitude of people there seated, at the moment when excitement was at its highest pitch. It is small—about eight inches by

* It will be seen by some observations elsewhere that the merit of the invention is disputed.

six—the human heads being about the size of pins' heads; yet they are so clear and distinct, that a large majority of them may be recognised, and when seen through a magnifying glass, even the eager expression of many of the countenances may be traced. Few photographs have been produced that show more emphatically the power of the art.

ANIMALS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.—A singularly interesting series of photographs has been published by Mr. McLean. They are of the principal animals in the Zoological Gardens. Elephants, monkeys, lions, tigers, pumas, wolves—in a word, nearly all the occupants of stalls and cells have sat or stood for their portraits to a most patient, persevering, and very skilful artist, Mr. Frank Haes. The result is a collection of rare interest and value; so extensive as to be really a menagerie, the accuracy of which is beyond question. Mr. Haes read at a meeting of the Photographic Society a most interesting paper describing "the troubles and difficulties" he encountered in performing his task. They arose mainly from the natural restlessness of his sitters, who were, in nearly all cases, indisposed to co-operate with the artist. We heartily congratulate him on the success he has achieved. The series is a most important acquisition to the naturalist and the painter—to all, indeed, who appreciate either Nature or Art.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—The works of the Photographic Society are this year shown in one of the rooms of the Society of Architects in Conduit Street. It is by no means so comprehensive as it has been on former occasions, being limited to what may be called unmixed photography. Thus, as was the case last year in Pall Mall, neither plate nor print is accepted if discovered to have been touched. There are, however, some large coloured portraits in the room, wherein it is difficult to discover the merit that has procured them admission, since by the manner in which they have been coloured they are equally removed from photography and Fine Art. If there be any advance upon the productions of last year, it is in the landscape department, especially in the modelling of foliage, and the tones and gradations of middle and remote distances.

THE FARNLEY HALL TURNERS.—This collection of drawings, which was formed by Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Yorkshire, has been photographed by Messrs. Caldesi & Co., and published in one volume by Messrs. Colnaghi & Co. As examples of photography from works of Art, the plates are generally unexceptionable, but without a knowledge of the drawings it is impossible to say with what success they are repeated tone for tone. From the breadth and perfect detail of some it is not difficult to determine that these are from grey drawings; and from the heavy indistinctness in the masses of others, it is obvious that these passages are warm—and for the defective rendering, in such cases, photography has no remedy. The photographs, however, are valuable and beautiful, and are characterised by a quality obtainable from works by no other hand than that of Turner. They are fifty in number: among them are, 'An English Coast Scene,' one of those fascinating compositions that Turner had the gift of making out of nothing, by an effective disposition of lights and darks; 'Windermere,' unmistakable as to its features, but remarkable for space; 'Washbourne and Lindley Bridge,' 'The Stud—Bolton Abbey,' with a downward rush of water more like photography from nature than from a drawing; 'Bonneville, Savoy,' one of the

most beautiful of the set; 'Lausanne,' 'Lac de Brienz.' In a 'Cottage Scene,' are a boy and girl, very like some of those in Wilkie's 'Penny Wedding.' Then there is the 'Ponte di Rialto,' essentially the *pons pictorum*, exhibiting a throng of gala boats, and concealing the stale and inodorous waste of the vegetable market; again, 'Venice from Fusina,' 'The Interior of St. Peter's,' 'Rome from Monte Pincio,' and also from Monte Mario, with others in Switzerland and elsewhere; the whole forming an extremely interesting series. Every admirer of Turner, indeed every lover of Art, will covet this most exquisite collection of his famous works.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The trustees have submitted to the Lords of the Treasury their eighth annual report. It contains little beyond an enumeration of the portraits obtained, by gift or purchase, since the last report was published, in April, 1864. All these acquisitions were noticed in our columns, as they were hung in the gallery, except those which have been added during the present year. These are portraits of James Harris, M.P., author of "Hermes," 1709—1780, painted by Romney after Reynolds, and presented by the Earl of Malmesbury; James Watt, painted by C. de Breda, presented by Mr. M. P. W. Boulton; Professor Wilson, the Marquis of Dalhousie, and T. de Quincey, all painted by Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A., and the gifts of the artist's brother, Mr. H. G. Watson, of Edinburgh. The portraits purchased this year are:—Queen Elizabeth, painter unknown, at the price of £84; John Law, notorious as the founder of the Mississippi scheme, painter unknown, £6 10s.; Coleridge and Southey, painted by a Mr. Vandyke, for Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, 16 gs.; and Keats, the poet, painted by W. Hilton, R.A., price £43 3s. 6d. The total number of visitors to the gallery last year was 14,885, being nearly 4,000 in excess of any preceding year except 1862.

MR. W. CAVE THOMAS has received a commission to execute a series of paintings for the chapel of the Russian embassy. The subjects are the twelve apostles.

MR. CHURCH.—Some paintings by this eminent American artist are exhibiting in the fine and admirably-lit gallery of McLean and Co., 7, Haymarket. The exhibition was opened at too late a period in the month for us to notice it in our present number.

THE WEDGWOOD INSTITUTE.—We received at the end of the month—too late for particular notice—a programme of the exhibition of Art-works to be held, by generous aid of the Earl of Shrewsbury, at Alton Towers, during the months of July, August, and September, and earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers. The proceeds will go to aid the Wedgwood Institute. Contributions are requested, and application should be made to the Hon. Secretary, W. Woodall, Esq., Longport, Staffordshire, who, with the committee, will be very grateful for "loans."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS had a very brilliant *conversazione* on the evening of the 14th of June, at South Kensington, between three and four thousand persons being present.

THE CARTOONS.—The whole of the cartoons in the National Gallery are now covered with glass.

THE PICTURE BY ROSA BONHEUR, concerning which the House of Commons was asked to interfere, has been returned by Mr. Gambart to the National Gallery, and is now "hung." The 'Derby Day' will also soon be in its place.

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCIPAL RUINS OF ASIA MINOR, Illustrated and Described. By CHARLES TEXIER, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c., and R. POPPLEWELL PULLAN, F.R.I.B.A., &c. &c. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

Following up the record of Byzantine architecture, the joint production of Messrs. Texier and Pullan, a work which we brought to the notice of our readers two or three months ago, we have now from the same authors another handsome folio volume relating to the remains of Greek and Græco-Roman architecture on the coasts of Æolia, Ionia, and Caria, in Asia Minor. This, far more than the preceding publication, seems specially for the use of the professional student, and we must, therefore, leave the full consideration of it to journals that can afford greater space to the subject than we can at this busy time of the year, and particularly to those which make architecture their staple material. It is, in truth, nothing more than an English edition, by Mr. Pullan, of a series of illustrations of some of the finest buildings of antiquity, selected from M. Texier's large work on Asia Minor, the price of which precludes its circulation among those to whom it would prove most useful. Mr. Pullan has himself gone over the greater part of the ground where the buildings yet remain, and precedes the illustrations by a short yet interesting narrative of his travels, accompanying it by historical notices compiled and abridged chiefly from the writings of M. Texier, whom he believes to be the only traveller who has visited *all* the sites described. The edifices passed in review are the Temple (Doric) at Assos; the renowned Temple of Apollo Branchidae, at Poseidon, of which the architects were Daphnis of Miletus, and Peonius of Ephesus, the latter of whom lived in the reign of Alexander the Great, and was the architect chosen to complete the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Temple of Jupiter, and the Theatre, at Aizani, the date of which is probably about the second century of our era; the Temple of Augustus at Ancyra; the Temple of Venus at Aphrodisias; Theatres at Aspendus and Myra; ruins at Patara, and portions of the Basilica at Pergamos. The number of plates is fifty-one, so that it will be evident some of the edifices occupy several plates. For example, the Temple at Aizani has twelve plates devoted to it, mostly showing details of very beautiful ornament.

In the "Battle of the Styles," Mr. Pullan undoubtedly takes the side of the Classicists. He would not abjure mediæval architecture, but he loves the other more, and considers we are making a mistake in much of what has of late been done or is now doing. We get at this state of his feeling from some preliminary remarks, and are by no means disposed to question their truth. "In the present day," he says, "that important element in architectural beauty—Proportion—is, for the most part, either altogether ignored, or else completely overlooked, in efforts after the picturesque, or in the adaptation of buildings to suit the utilitarian and economical requirements of the age. Our ecclesiastical buildings are frequently but imperfect imitations of ordinary town and village churches, or else so-called original compositions in which stunted columns, top-heavy capitals, and windows absurdly elongated, are introduced by way of novelty, or for the sake of contrasts produced by disproportion; and our civic and other public edifices are often but shapeless masses of stone or brick, all wall or all window, without that relation between pier and aperture so necessary to give the appearance of lightness, and at the same time of stability. In short, we are groping in the dark in search of the true principles of design." Yet he thinks a glimmering of light is visible, for architects are beginning to see that any edifice may be designed and erected according to the eternal rules of proportion, and, at the same time, may preserve the distinctive characteristics of style. Inasmuch as no nation studied and applied to their buildings these rules or laws of proportion to such an extent as did the Greeks, so would he have their

works closely studied by our own architects, that we may practise the same truths of beauty and harmony as are learned from what the ancients have left for our guidance; and among these by no means the most unimportant are the scattered and broken, yet often magnificent, remains on the western shores of Asia Minor.

'THE WELCOME ARRIVAL'—'NEARING HOME.'
Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS from the Pictures by J. D. LUARD. Published by MOORE, McQUEEN, & Co., London.

The death of Mr. Luard, in 1860, at the early age of thirty, was a loss to our school of painting, for he had already given such excellent promise that there could be no doubt of his rising to distinction had his life been preserved. The son of a military officer, and having himself served in the army, which he quitted only to devote his whole energies to Art, the incidents of military life formed the chief subjects of his pencil. Two of these—'The Welcome Arrival' and 'Nearing Home,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1857 and 1858 respectively, have been engraved. The former represents a scene—one, doubtless, of frequent occurrence—in the Crimean campaign, in which, by the way, the artist joined as an amateur: three officers are in their hut, that appears in most admirable disorder, mainly caused by the "welcome arrival" of a huge package from England, the contents whereof, consisting of jars, parcels, books, boxes of cigars, &c. &c., are strewn over the floor. But the object that most courts and fixes the attention of the recipient of the package is a portrait of a young lady: this he examines very closely, yet somewhat stealthily, as if to conceal it from the eye of his brother officer standing almost immediately behind him. The latter, however, is engaged with his cigar, and in earnest conversation with their third companion, also a smoker; and, besides, he is a gentleman, and has no desire to penetrate the secret of that small morocco portrait-case. As an incident of real campaigning life, the picture is most interesting: the materials are well put together, in an easy and unaffected manner quite befitting the subject.

'Nearing Home' is part of the deck of a vessel bound to England, with the sick and wounded, several of whom appear in the picture. The most prominent group is an invalid officer stretched on a mattress and supported by pillows; by his side is his wife, who has been reading to him till interrupted by one of the sailors with the news that land is in sight. But the poor fellow seems scarcely conscious of what he hears, or is indifferent to it, as if he knew he should only reach his country to die in it. The story is too painful to be agreeable; yet it is cleverly told; and both engravings—they constitute a pair—are effectively rendered by Mr. Simmons, who now takes rank with the best of our mezzotinto engravers.

A MANUAL OF GOTHIC MOULDINGS, with Directions for Copying Them and for Determining their Dates. Illustrated by upwards of Six Hundred Examples. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., Author of "A Manual of Gothic Architecture," &c. Third Edition, with numerous Additions and Improvements, by W. M. FAWCETT, M.A. Published by J. VAN NOORD, London.

The utility of this book to the professional and amateur architect has been manifested by the demand for a third edition. Mere mouldings would appear to be very insignificant matters, comparatively, in connection with architecture; and yet an accurate knowledge of them is certainly indispensable to any one professing even an amateur's acquaintance with the subject. And when we consider how much they contribute to the ornamental beauty of edifices, especially in doors, windows, and pillars, their relative value can scarcely be over-estimated. Mouldings have been called "the very grammar of Art," and Mr. Paley says, "they are by far the most certain, and very frequently the only guides in determining the dates of buildings, or of architectural members. They are just as

essential to a knowledge of architecture, as a map is to the study of geography."

It will be sufficient for us to remark, that the subject is treated in a most comprehensive way by the joint labours of the authors of this manual. The preparing and classifying the immense number of examples which, with very few exceptions indeed, are taken from buildings in this country—their names being appended—could only be the result of most diligent search and great industry.

THE GRAMMAR OF ORNAMENT. By OWEN JONES. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

The idea of re-publishing, in a convenient and less costly form, Mr. Owen Jones's magnificent work on Ornament was judicious; and it has been well carried out. The large folio volume is cumbersome for practical purposes, and is too expensive—even if it could be readily procured, which, we believe it cannot be now—for the workshop or the artisan's use at home. In the new and smaller edition the plates are considerably reduced in size, yet are sufficiently large to serve as examples, while in execution they will bear favourable comparison with the earlier plates. It seems, indeed, extraordinary that such fac-similes could be made, when we consider the elaborate character of a vast number of the subjects, and the extreme nicety required in adjusting all to the exigencies of the printing-press. The colours, moreover, are as a whole well maintained; but in a few of the plates, especially where gold is introduced, there is certainly less brilliancy. We cordially recommend this edition of the "Grammar of Ornament" to every one employed in decoration or Art-manufactures: it is within the reach of every respectable establishment and of a large number of Art-workmen.

THE OLD CITY, AND ITS HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By ALEPH, Author of "London Scenes and London People." Published by H. W. COLLINGRIDGE, London.

This, like the other volume by the same writer which preceded it, embodies a series of papers originally published in the columns of the *City Press*, a weekly paper conducted with considerable ability, and specially devoted to topics associated with the city and citizens of London exclusively. Aleph, whoever he may be that writes under this *nom de plume*, has got together a large mass of facts concerning the past and present of the famous metropolis, and he has worked them up into several amusing and instructive chapters. It is in every way a very readable book, disfigured, however, by a few wretched woodcuts; for, with two or three exceptions, they deserve no milder epithet. This is a pity, for the volume is excellently printed, and tastefully bound.

THE STUDY OF THE HUMAN FACE. Illustrated by twenty-six Steel Engravings. By THOMAS WOOLNETH, Historical Engraver to the Queen. Published by W. TWEEDIE, London.

Somebody, it is said, having, in the course of conversation, quoted the well-known line—

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

one of the company present expressed his dissent from the poet's opinion by humorously remarking that he considered "the proper study of mankind is woman." Writers such as Lavater, Lebrun, and Mr. Woolneth, who have studied physiognomy, have been pupils in both the male and female schools, and have found in each subjects to meet their requirements, for there is little doubt that the passions which characterise our nature are, as a rule, common to both sexes, though some, perhaps, are developed with greater intensity in one than the other. In the engravings Mr. Woolneth introduces into his pages, he is no respecter of sex; the heads are male and female alternately, "to show that such dispositions are not peculiar to either, but incidental to both" sexes.

Without referring to the philosophy of physiognomical science, which Mr. Woolneth treats with discriminating ability, we may remark

that his book may prove of considerable service to the figure-painter. Artists often fail in delineating a character, because they are ignorant of the facial attributes which indicate the temper, feeling, or disposition they desire to portray. They have not, in fact, studied physiognomy; hence their failure. A careful perusal of what the author has done with pen and graver, may make them more successful in future. But the interest of the volume is by no means limited to a class; there is much in it to amuse, and even to edify, all who care to study character in the human face "divine," or under the influence of the griefs and passions "flesh is heir to."

THE LADY INA, AND OTHER POEMS. By R. F. H. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co.

This volume is by the author of the charming little *novelle* of "Blythe House." We had doubts as to the probability of a poetic fiction creating and maintaining its interest from the first page to the last, as ably as the prose story had done. We hope our readers will judge for themselves as to the claims of this new muse to take her place among the poets of the present time: we will not, therefore, supply a clue to the tale of "The Lady Ina." Of course, its foundation lies amid the entanglements of the "old, old story," and is sufficiently romantic to entrance those who still cling to what may surely be called the purest poetry of life. Its descriptions would more than satisfy the painter. It carries the reader to the close with only one regret—that so sweet a tale should have so sad an ending.

"The Lady Ina" is immediately followed by a poem of a very different class—rising at once into the heroic—"The Battle of White Horse Down," which we should like to see illustrated by Mr. Desanges. It was suggested by the "Scouring of the White Horse," from which, the author modestly tells us, "it is almost a literal translation into verse." We assure our readers that the "translation" surpasses the original. This is no common achievement, for we all know how inexorably verse fetters an imagination that may run wild in prose.

In a volume containing a number of poems, there must be unequal merit; but though the subjects are very varied, there are none *puerile*, and all bear evidence of genius and cultivation.

UNDER THE WAVES; OR, THE HERMIT CRAB IN SOCIETY. Published by SAMPSON LOW.

This is exactly the sort of book that parents who take their children to the sea-side as a means of health and recreation, will do well to leave in their way. The young people will almost instinctively accompany the hermit crab on his pilgrimages, and imbibe much information from the charming little volume that records his travels, without the sensation of having devoted any portion of their holidays to a "lesson book."

A preface is generally a mistake: the preface to "Under the Waves" is no exception to what we may call a rule. A book that in reading does not explain its object had better not be written; and this preface contains such a list of "authorities," that our young friends might shrink in terror from their magnitude, and imagine they *seem* about to be "tasked" in earnest. There is one hope—that the small people will not read it, but seek their fellow-traveller at once, and make themselves, as we did, part and parcel of his "society."

As we have not seen the author's name before, we suppose Miss Annie Ridley to be a new member of the literary sisterhood. When she has achieved more self-reliance, and ceased to tremble on the threshold of her new realm, she will be an admirable educational assistant. She is evidently patient and conscientious—holding in her imagination a little too tightly with bit and curb; but without an effort either at preaching or teaching—tempering all she sees and says by sweet womanly faith in the wisdom and goodness that hath created nothing in vain.

"Under the Waves" is a right book at the right time.

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FOR PROMOTION OF THE

FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

FOUNDED IN 1833.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1847.

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The object of this Association—the first established in the United Kingdom for similar purposes—is to advance the cause of Art in Scotland by affording encouragement to its professors.

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PLAN FOR THE CURRENT YEAR, 1865.

First.—Each Subscriber will have a chance of obtaining a Valuable Work of Art, at the Annual General Distribution in July, 1865.

Second.—Each Subscriber will receive Eight beautiful Line Engravings, after Original Designs, in illustration of Scott's "Waverley," handsomely bound in a volume, with letterpress excerpts of the portions of the novel illustrated by the Artists, viz. :—

	Painter.	Engraver.
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8. WAVERLEY'S LAST VISIT TO FLORA M'IVOR	ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.	LUND STONE, R.A.

List of Works of Art Purchased for Distribution in July, 1865, among Subscribers for the current year:—

No. in Cat.	Name of Artist.	Price.	No. in Cat.	Name of Artist.	Price.
608. Queen Mary's Last Look at Scotland (Copyright of this Picture reserved to Association.)	James Drummond, R.S.A.	£340 0 0	Brought forward		
634. Ruins of other Times	Peter Graham, A.	180 0 0	831. Deep in the Lenz	E. H. Simpson	20 0 0
832. In the Trossachs	Penn. Bough, A.R.S.A.	180 0 0	744. Reading	James May	20 0 0
846. The Return of the Carrier	William Douglas, R.S.A.	120 0 0	814. The Needle-Wife	Joseph Henderson	18 0 0
307. An Old Oak in Cadzow Forest	Horatio Macculloch, R.S.A.	100 0 0	306. On the Spay	James Ferrier	18 0 0
347. The Exile's Garden	John M'Whirter	40 0 0	892. Autumn Evening	Alex. Balgair	14 0 0
614. "How can my poor Heart be glad"	Daniel Macnee, R.S.A.	60 0 0	841. Woodcock and Snipe	A. Dundas	13 0 0
497. Among the Arran Hills	Robert Herdman, R.S.A.	60 0 0	188. Highland Road Scene	Horatio Macculloch, R.S.A.	13 0 0
286. The Travelling Tailor's Story—Brittany	John M. Michie	60 0 0	92. In Glerarney—Shower Clearing Off	John Waterstone	10 10 0
703. "The Salt Spray"	E. T. Crawford, R.S.A.	60 0 0	107. The Polished Elbow	A. Watson	7 0 0
710. The Curlew	James Drummond, R.S.A.	60 0 0	697. On the Conway	George Reid	7 0 0
249. Waiting for the Ferry	T. Clark	52 10 0	308. The Problem	W. D. Mackay	7 0 0
337. A Village Well	H. Gavin, A.R.S.A.	80 0 0	216. Dunblath Castle, Isle of Skye	Horatio Macculloch, R.S.A.	6 0 0
602. Kidwelly, South Wales	John Ewart	20 0 0	90. Playful in the Hayfield	Miss S. F. Hewitt	5 0 0
604. Bust in Marble—"Angellino," a Ewey herd of the Campagna di Roma	John Hutchison, A.R.S.A.	50 0 0	217. Interior of a Cottage, Enzie, Perthshire	Robert Anderson	5 0 0
836. The Last New Novel	John Ballantyne, R.S.A.	45 0 0	121. Study from Nature	M. P. Taylor	5 0 0
444. The Primrose Gatherer	Thos. F. Marshall	40 0 0	218. The Bass Fock from North Berwick	Isabella Lauder	5 0 0
29. Fruit	Clark Banton, A.R.S.A.	40 0 0	316. Hawthorn Blossom	David Hay	4 0 0
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